

BIG SHOT

I KNEW I COULD
DEPEND ON JOE PALOOKA
AND THE ARMY TO HELP
DELIVER THESE TOYS!

Bawman



**CHRISTMAS GREETINGS from Joe Palooka, Skyman, Rocky Ryan.
Dixie Dugan, Captain Yank, Sparky Watts, Bo and the Face.**



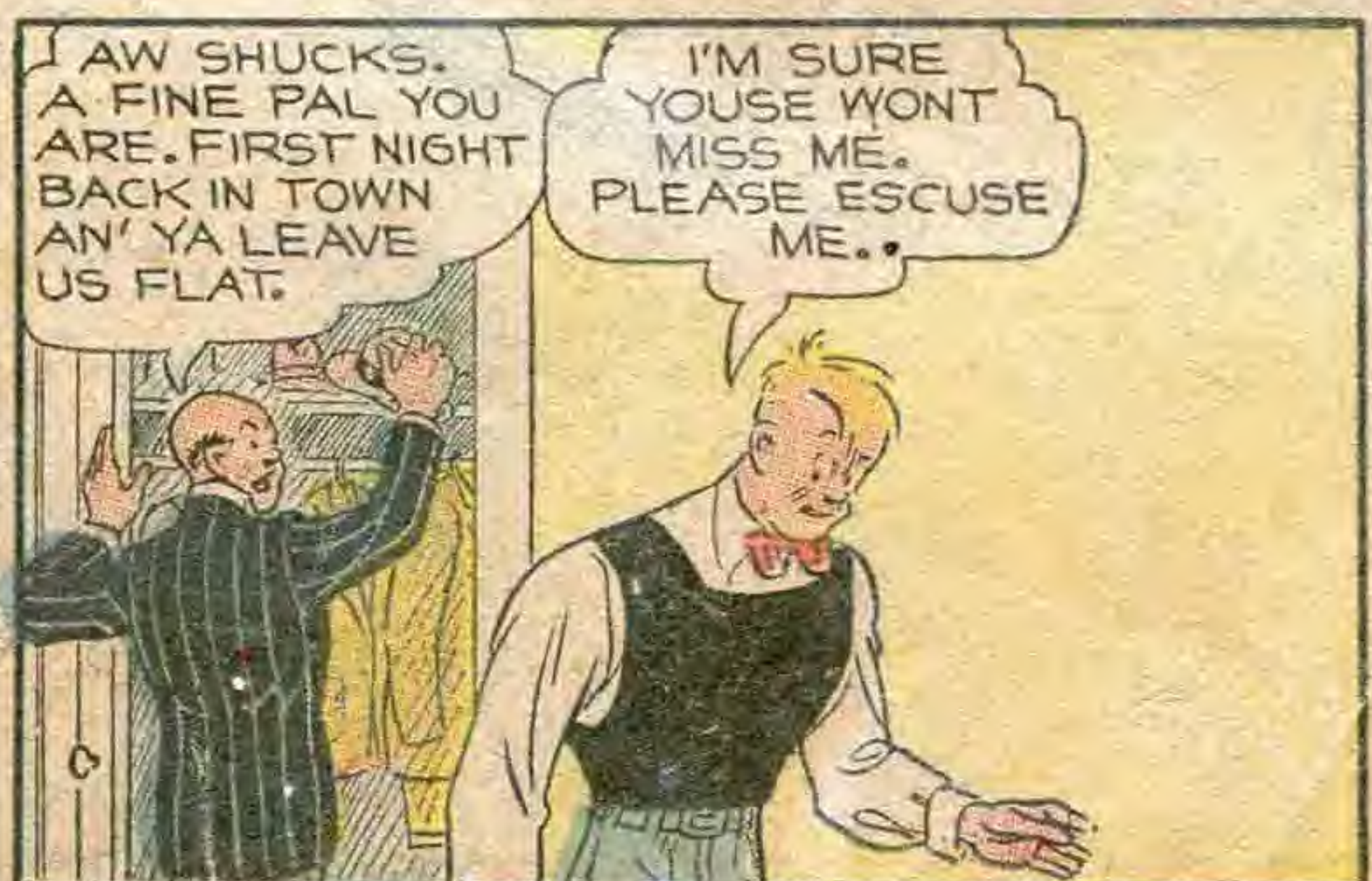
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By
HAM
FISHER

JOE PALOOKKA

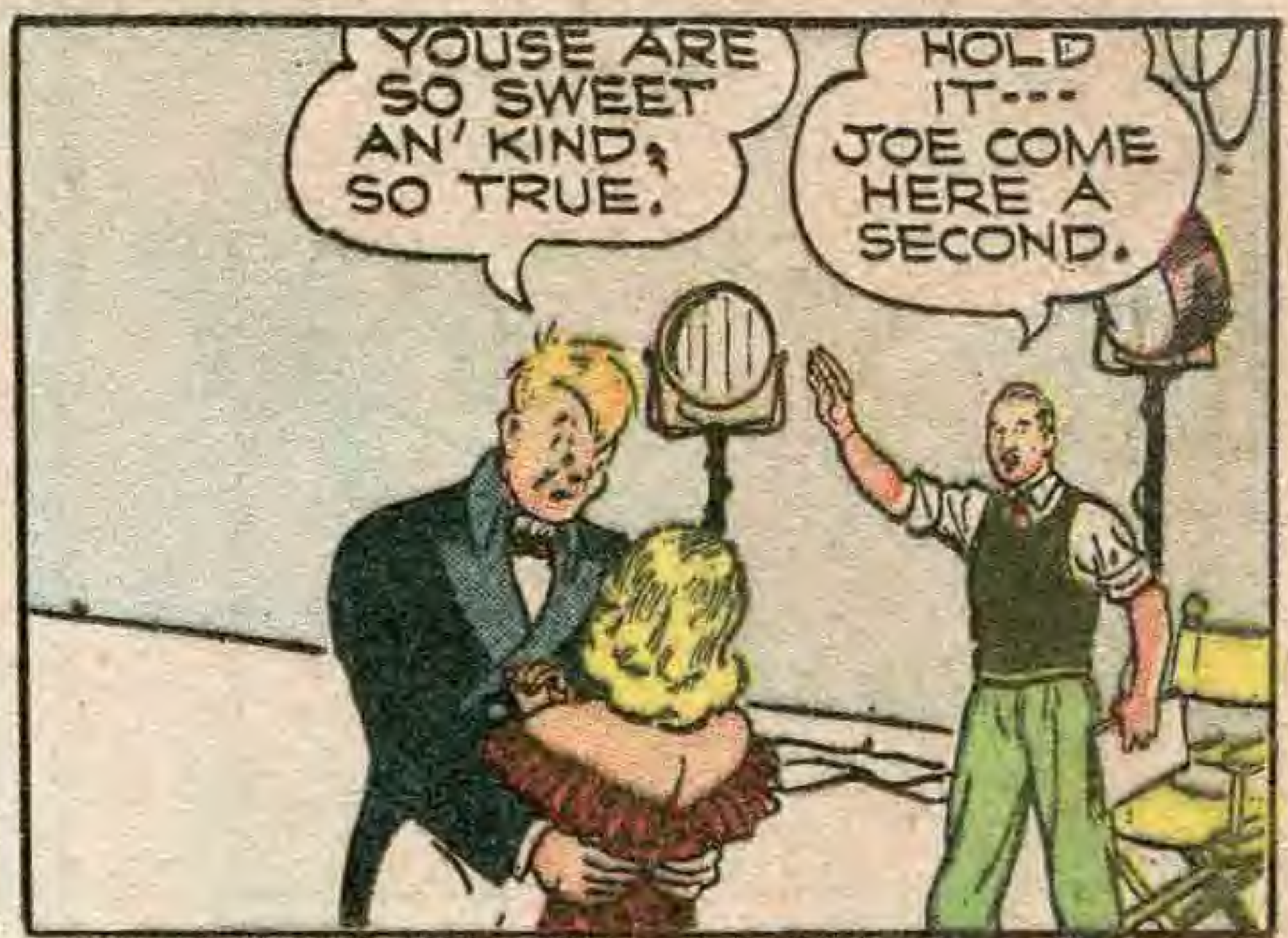
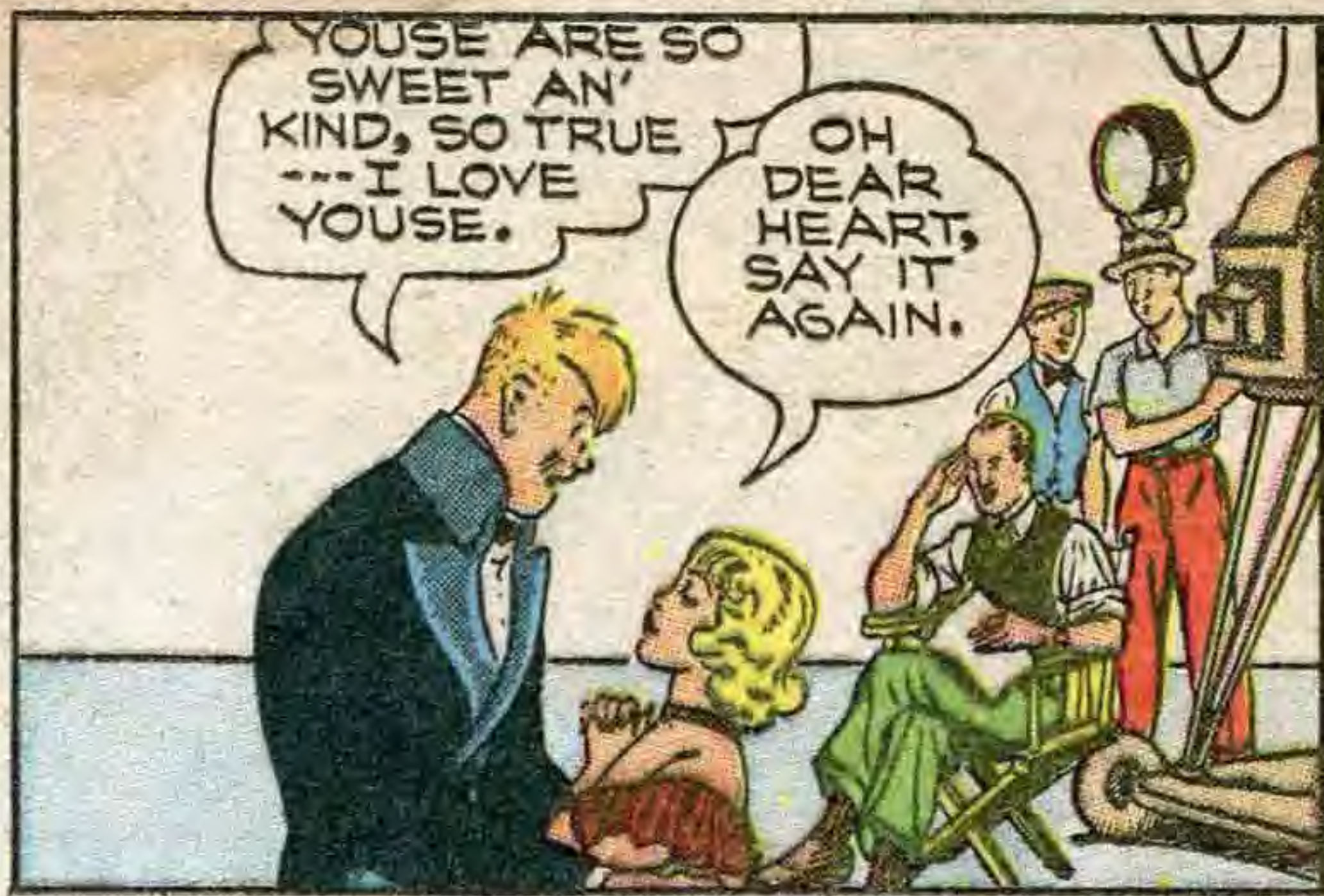
JOE KNOWS THAT KNOBBY'S GIRL, JOY, IS UNTRUE TO HIM. BUT BEING HIS BEST FRIEND, HE FINDS IT DIFFICULT TO TELL HIM.....



BIG SHOT COMICS



BIG SHOT COMICS



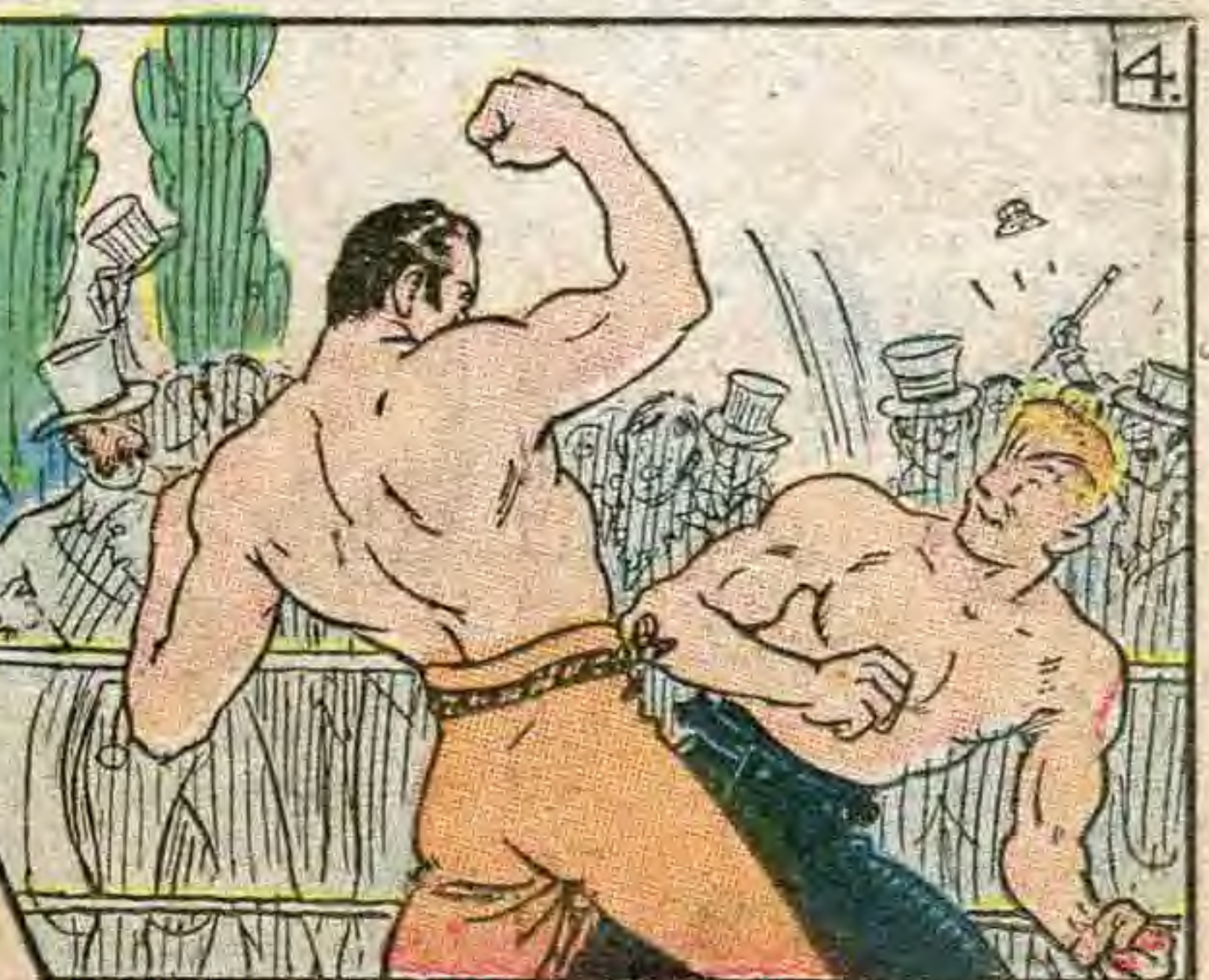
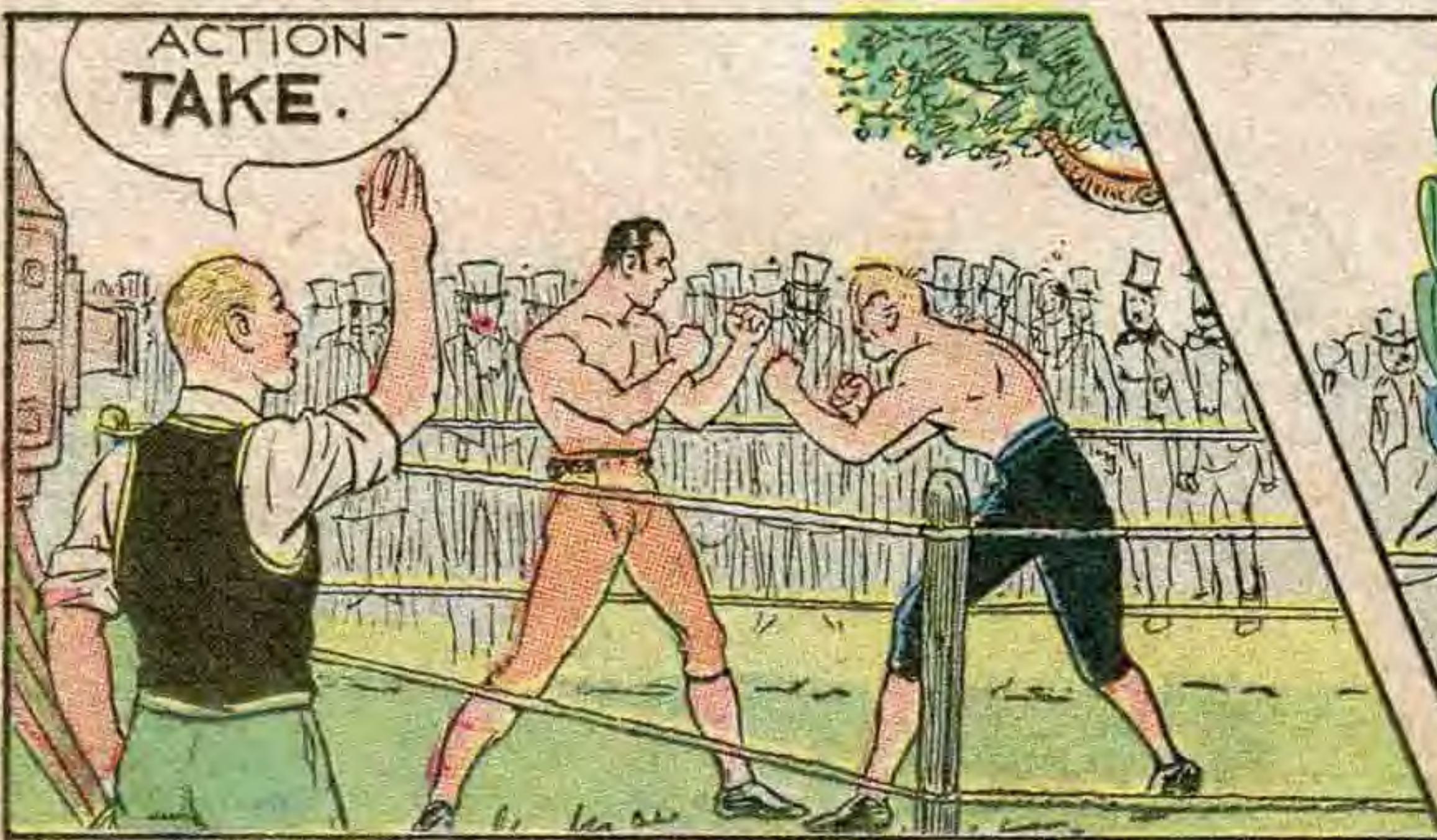
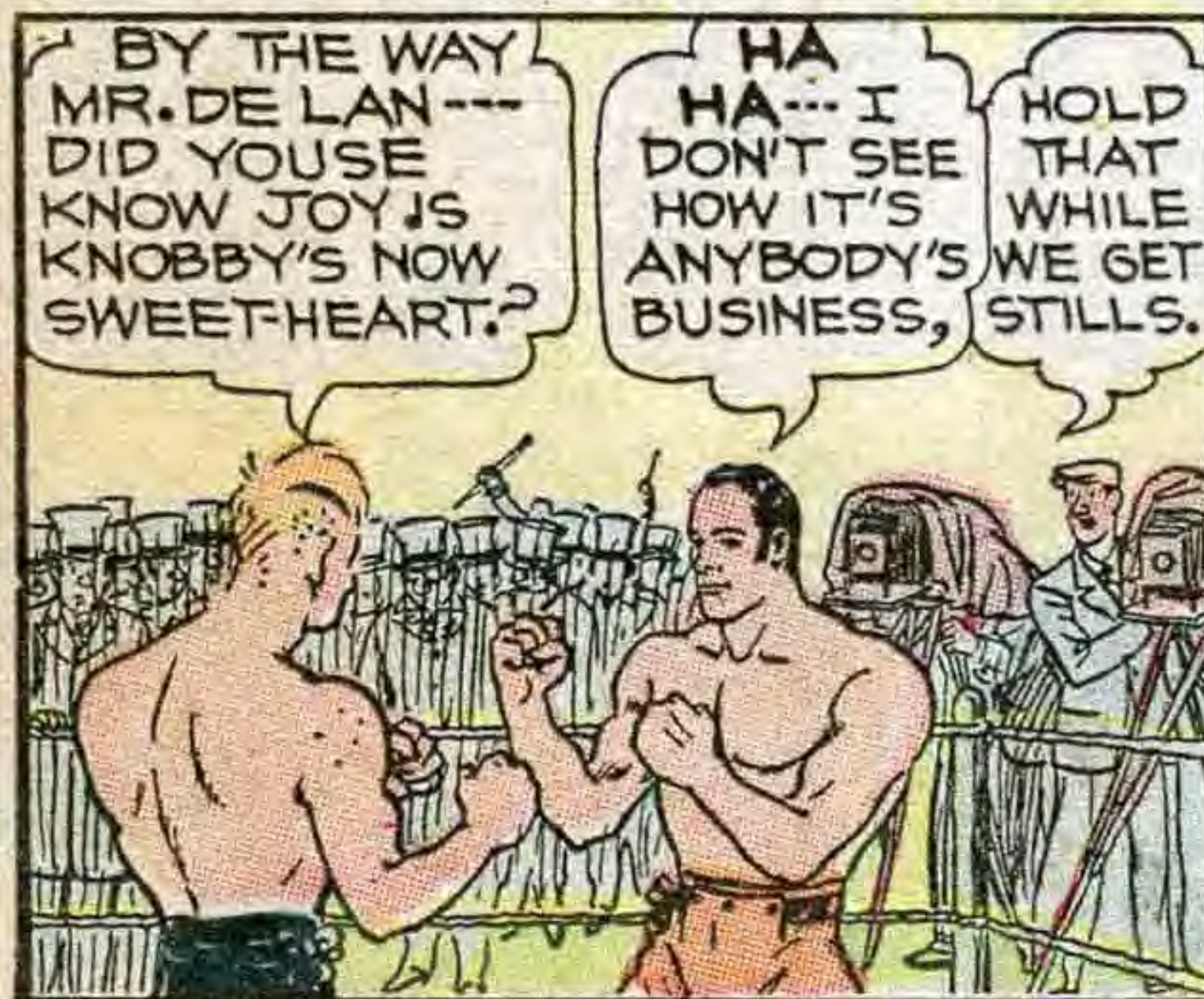
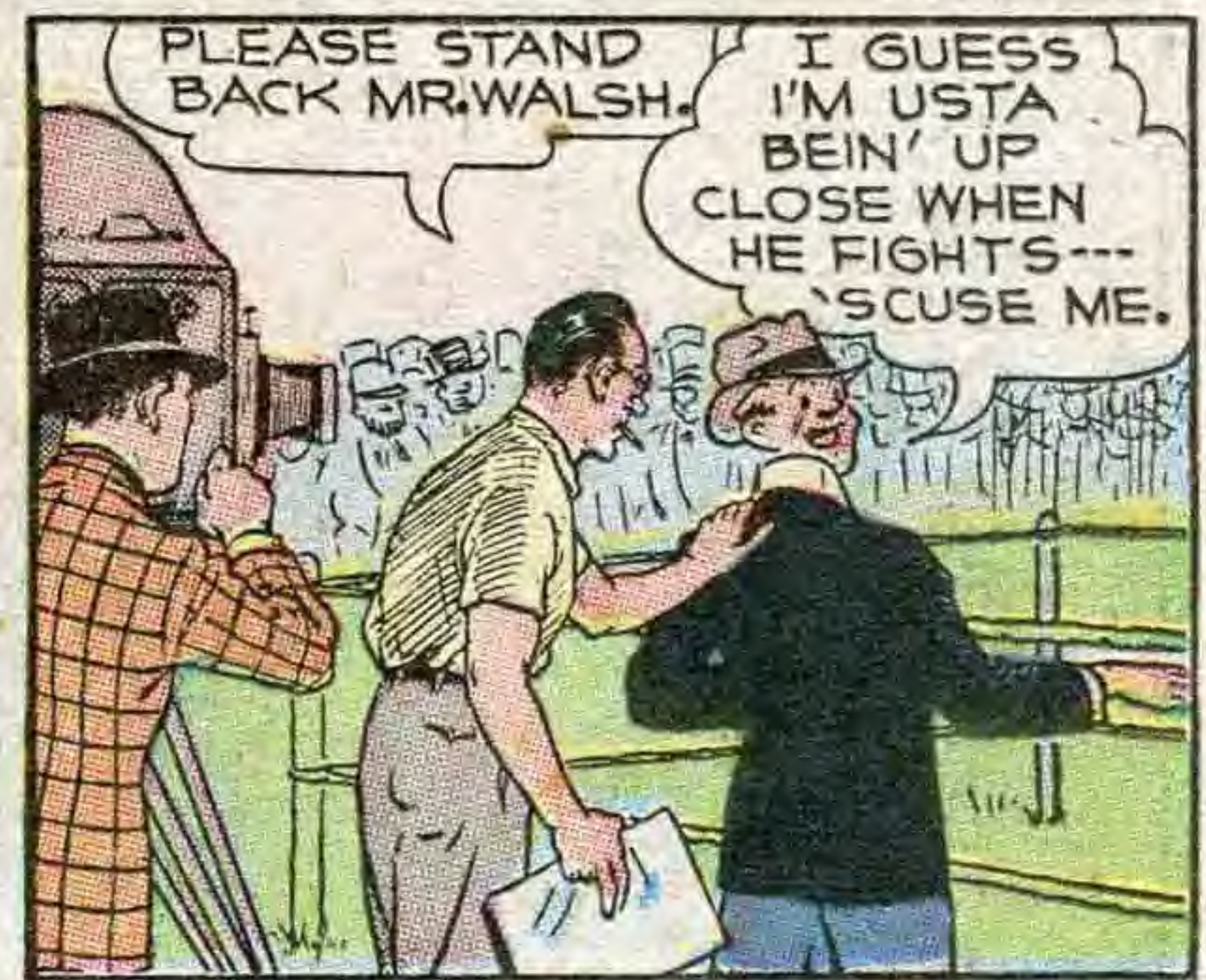
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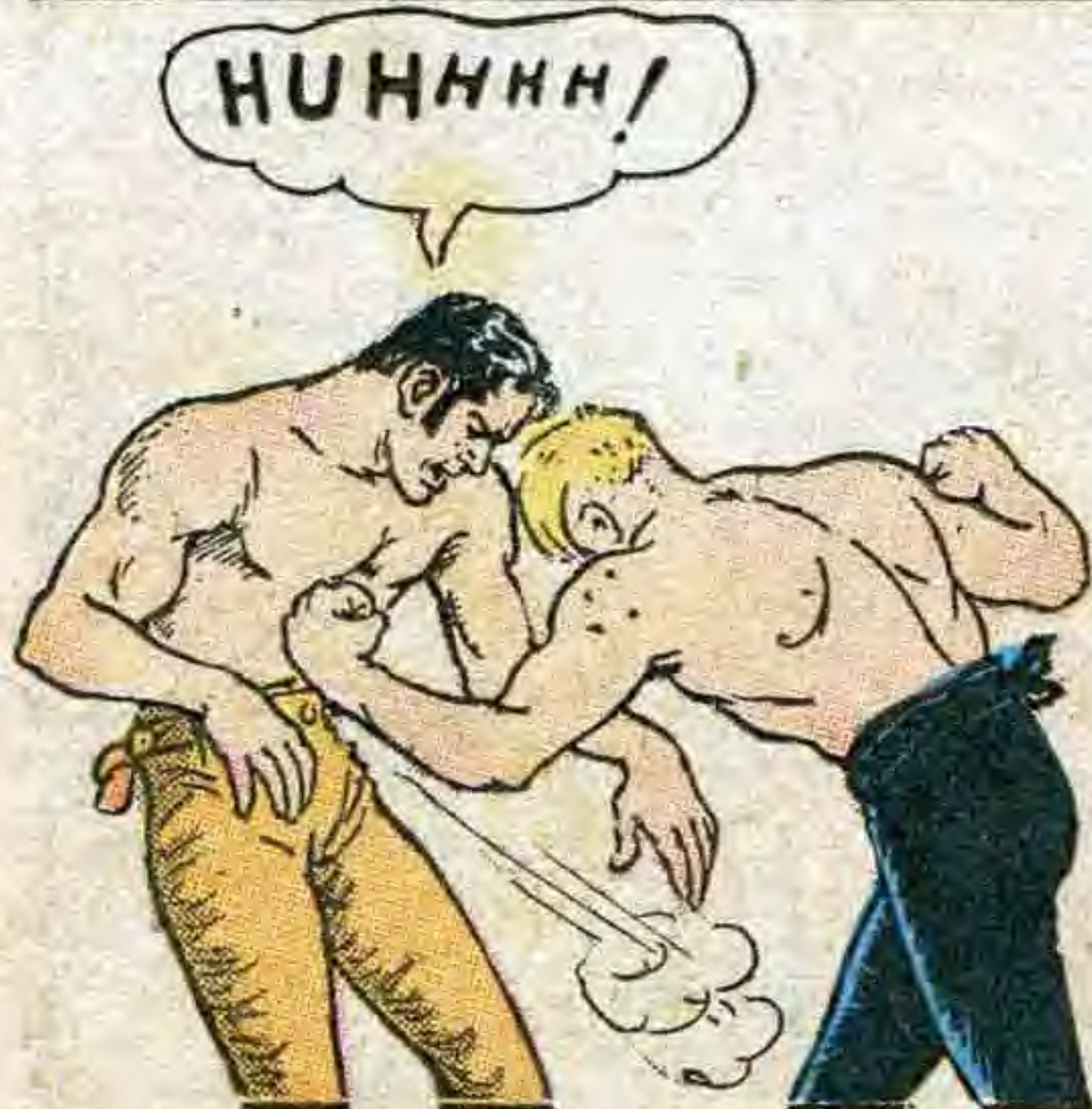
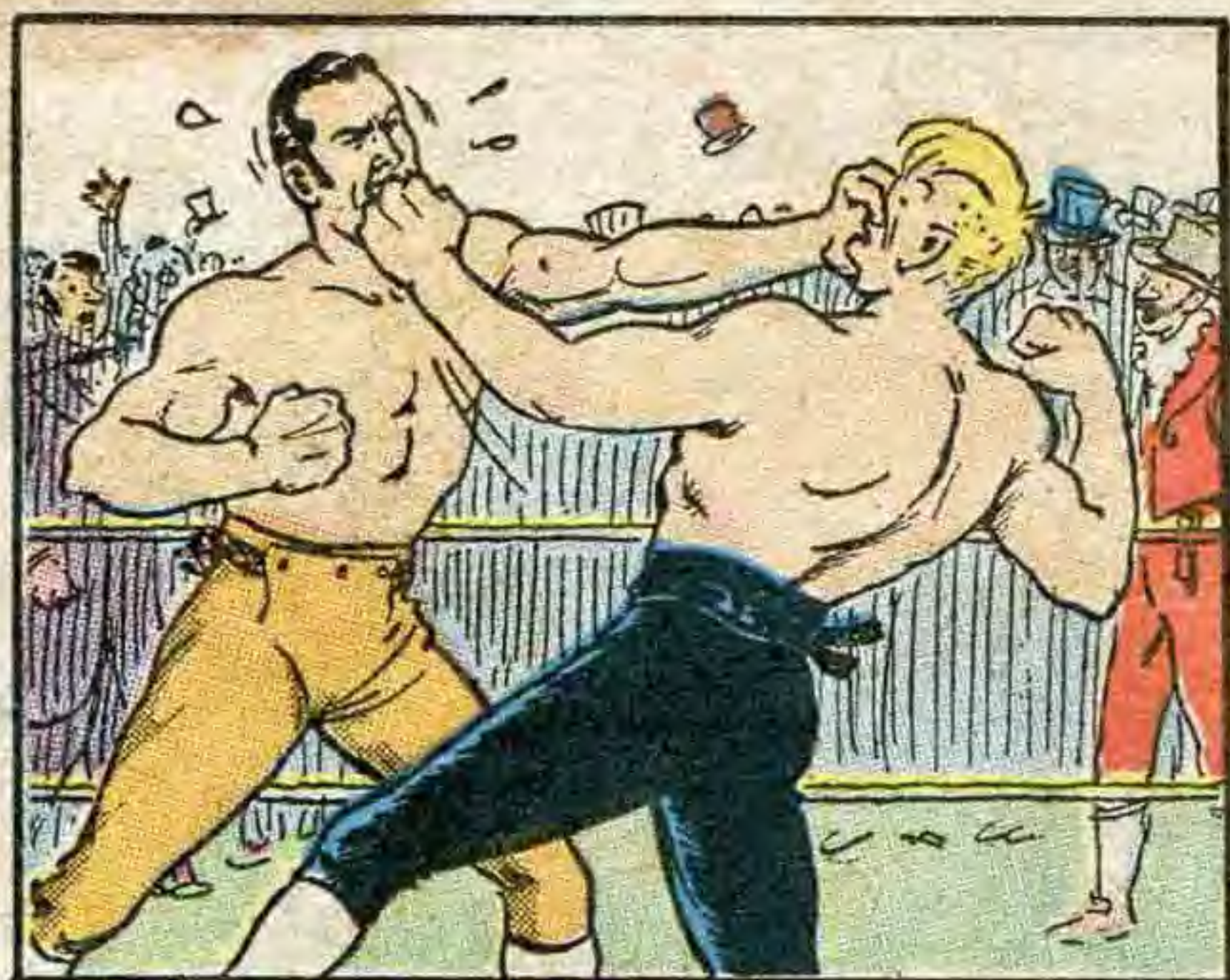
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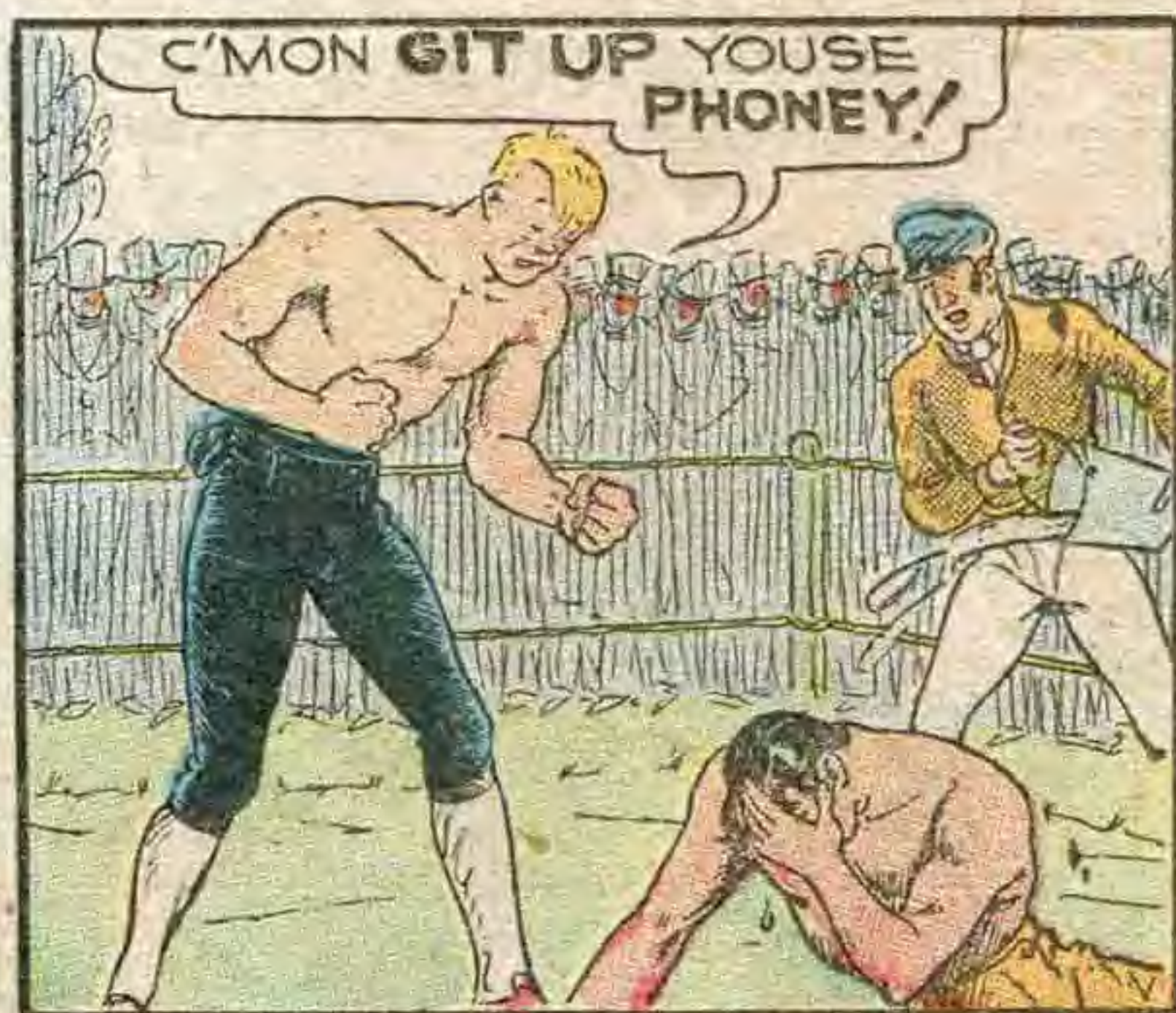
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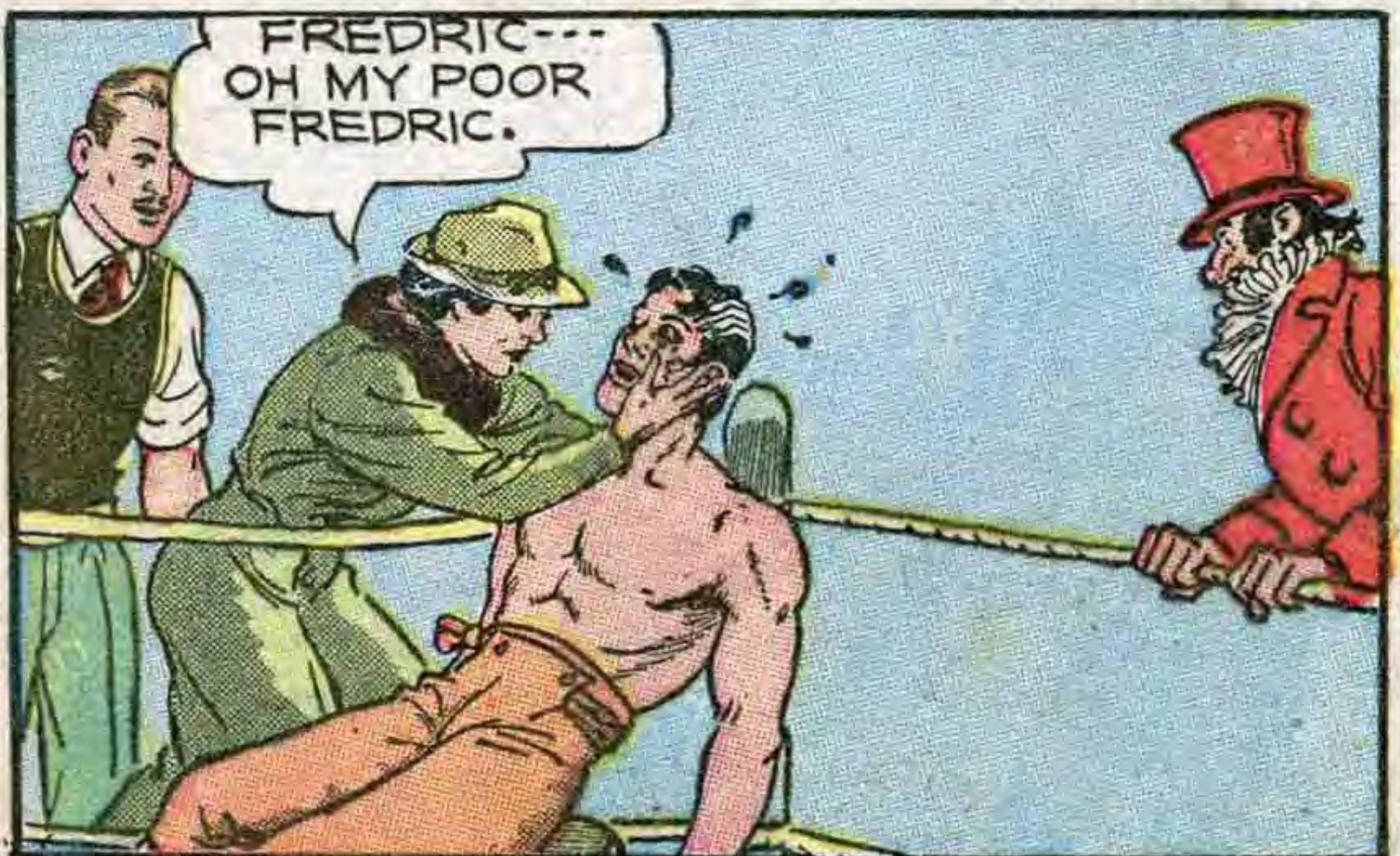
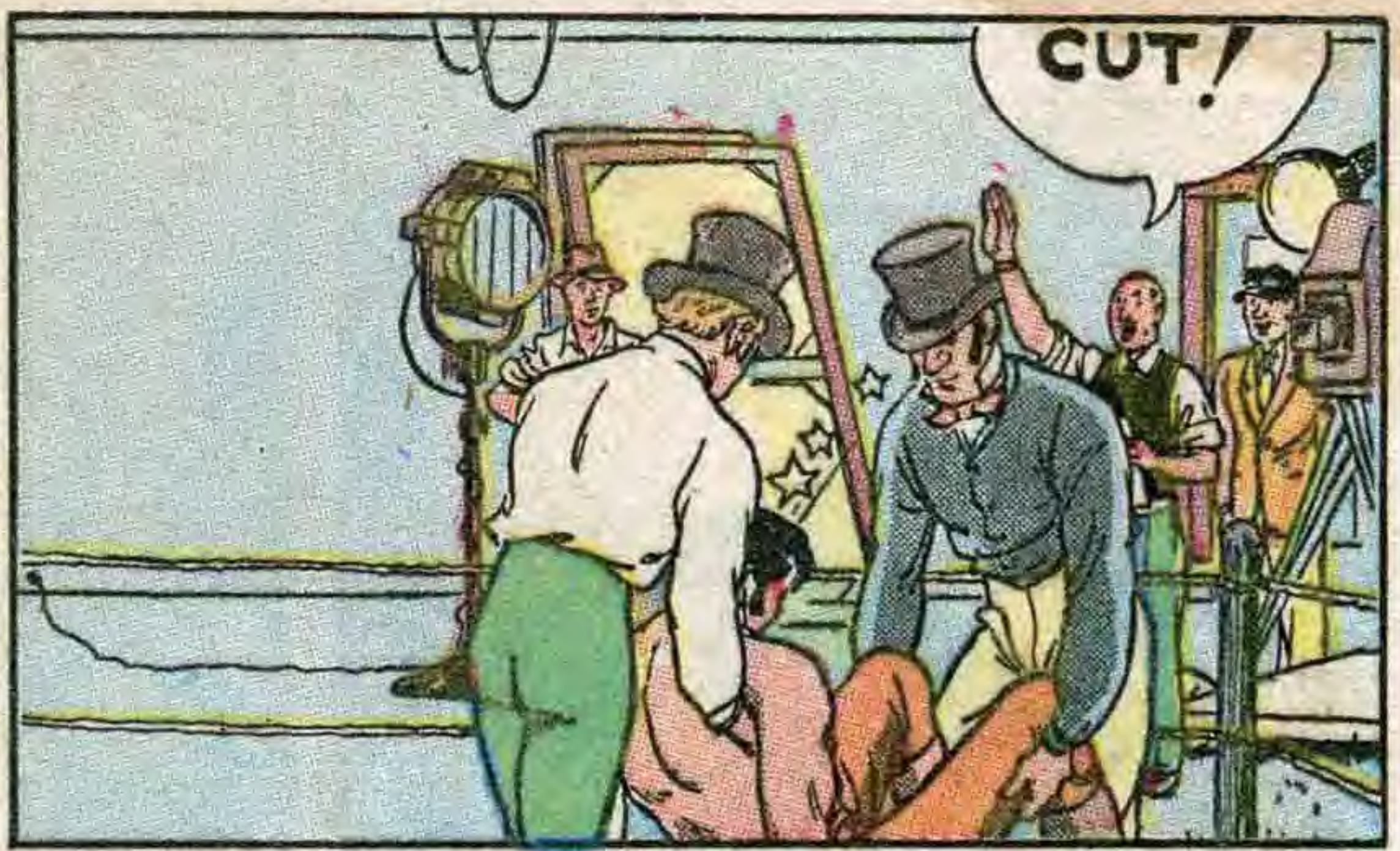
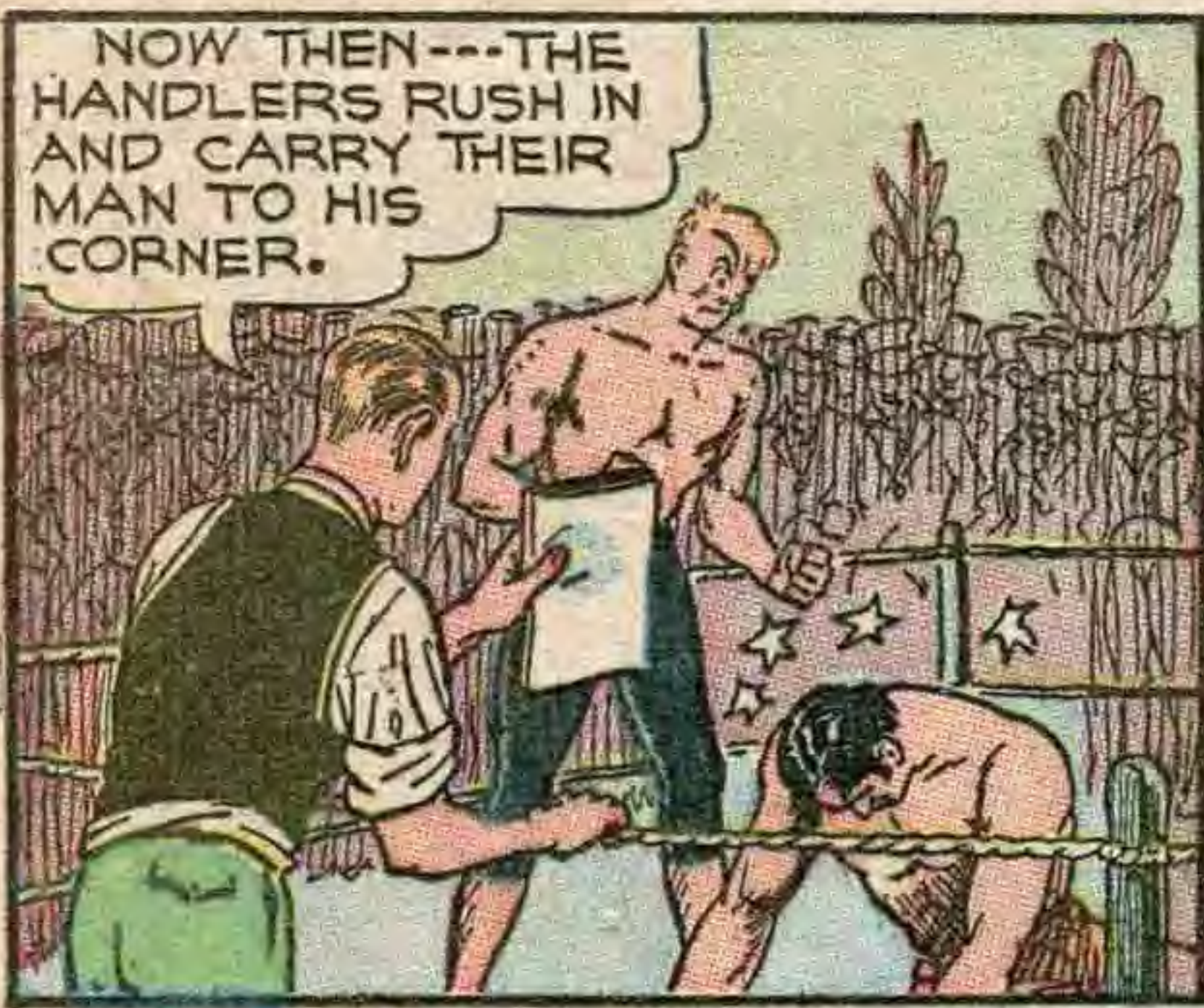
BIG SHOT COMICS



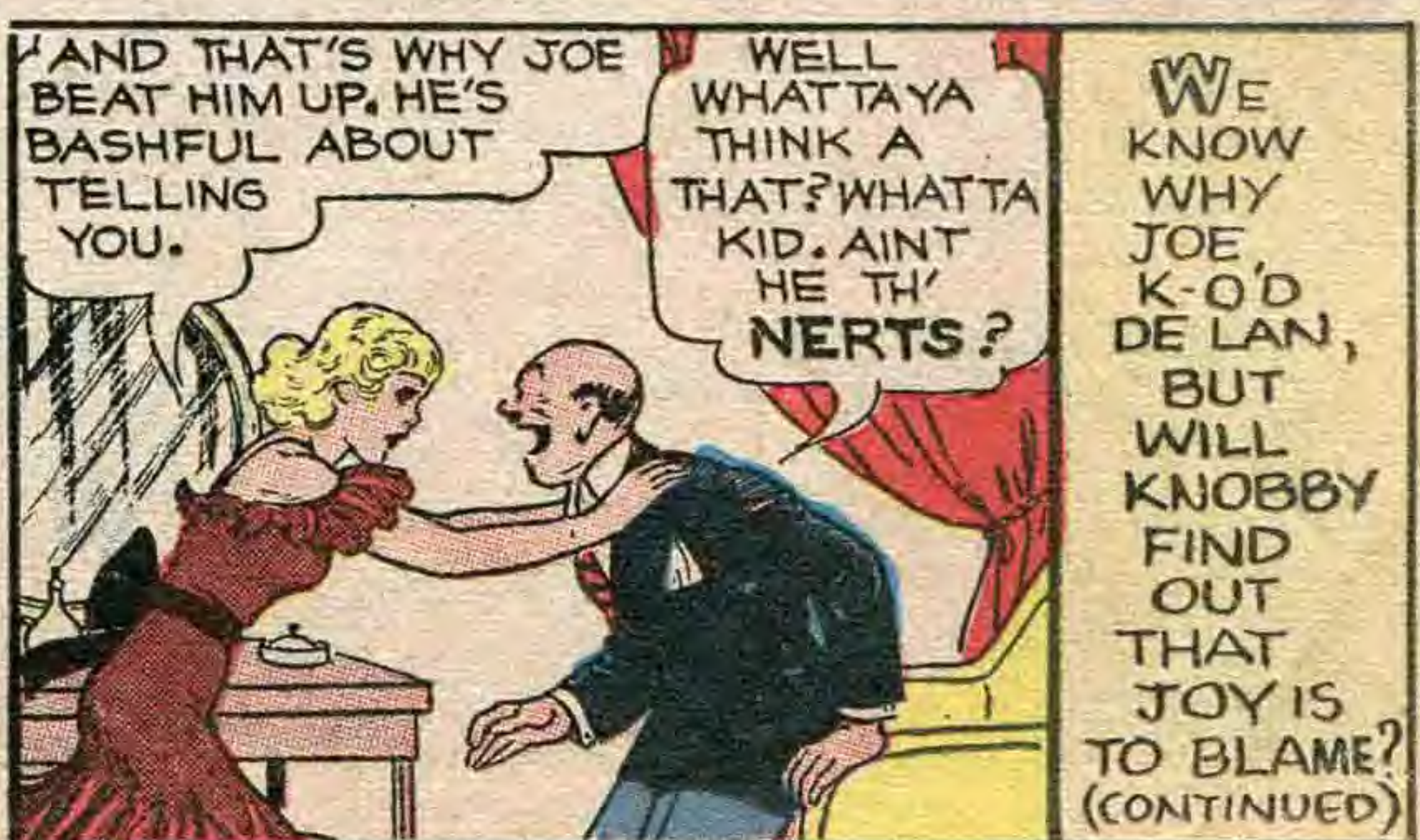
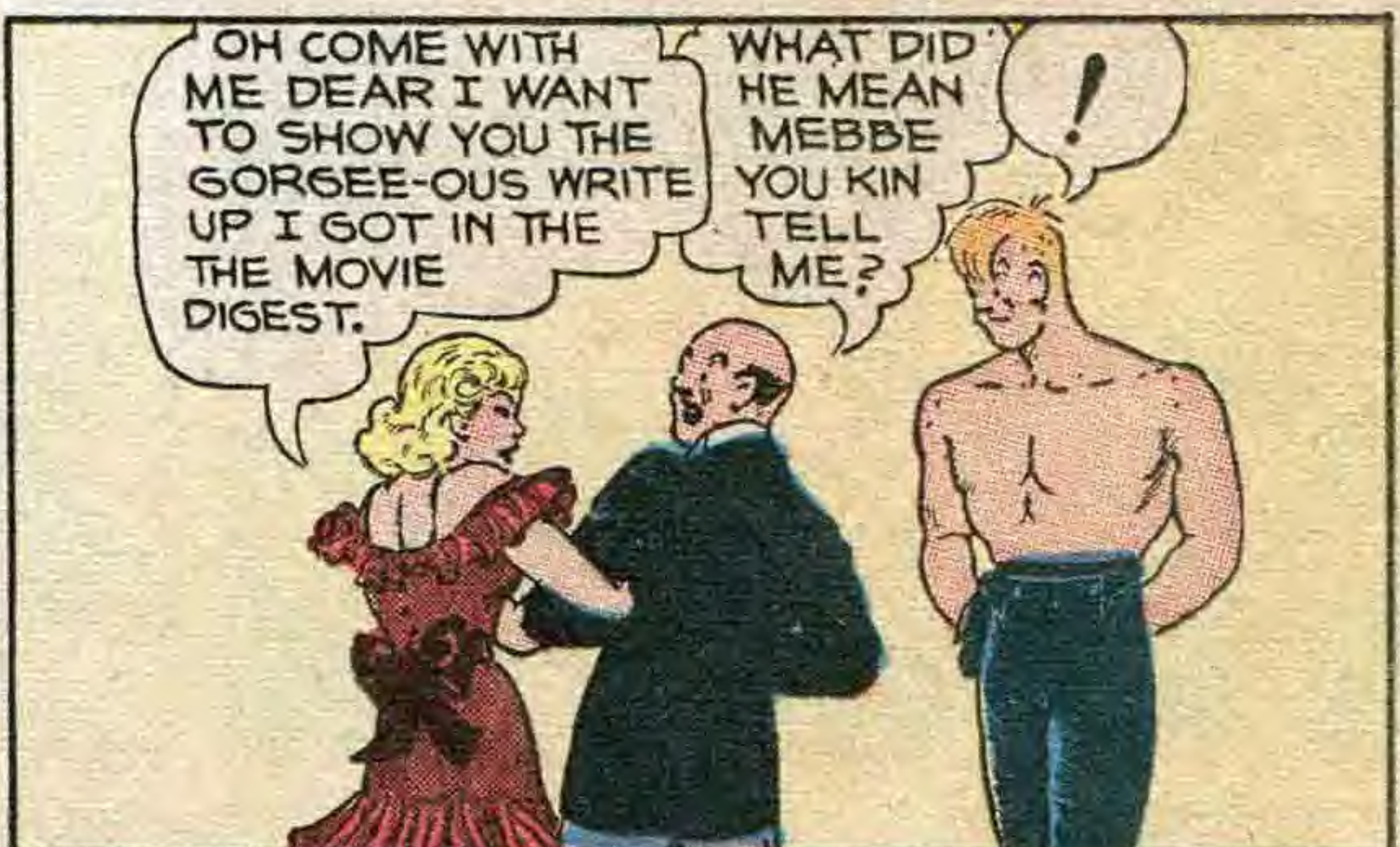
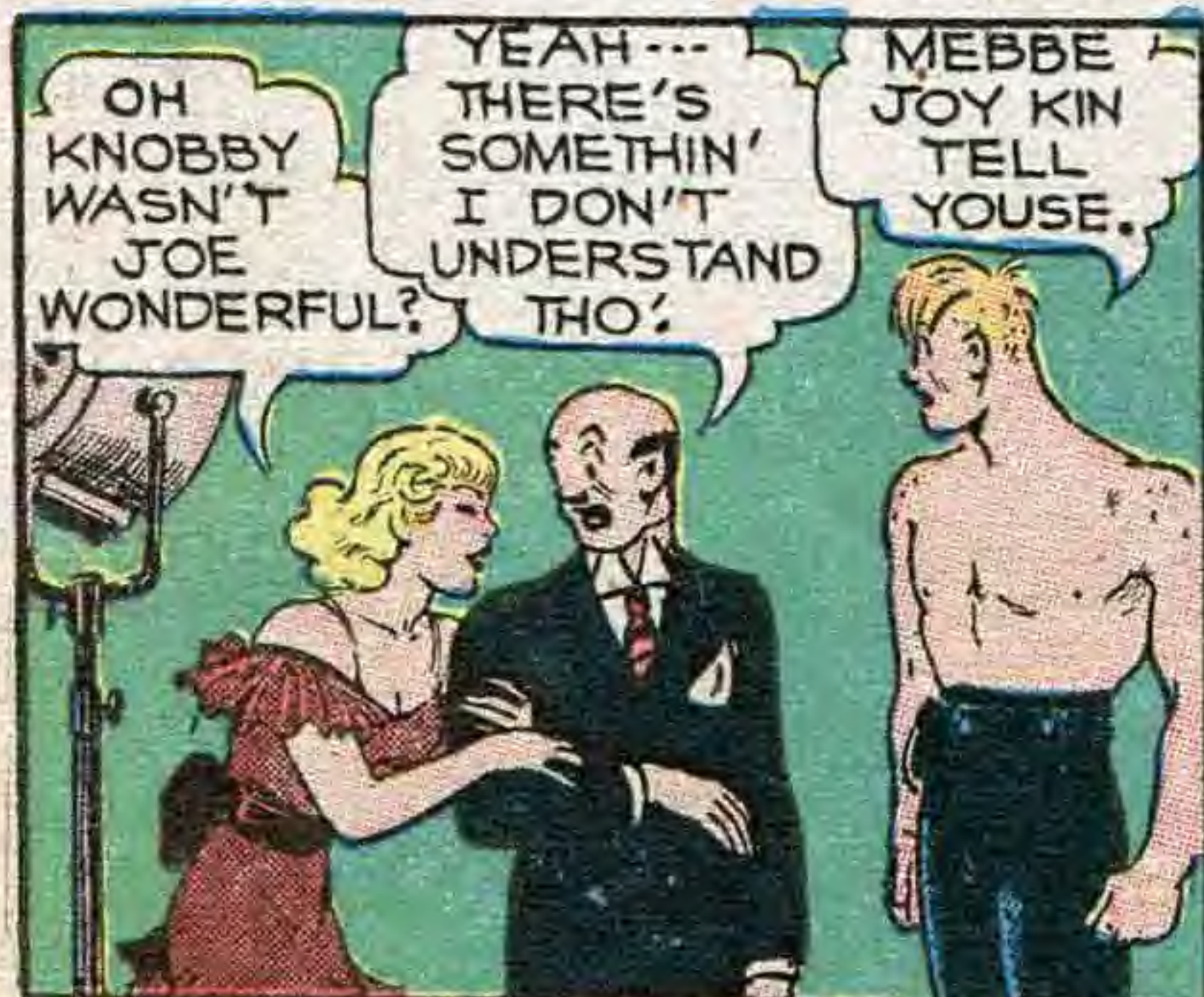
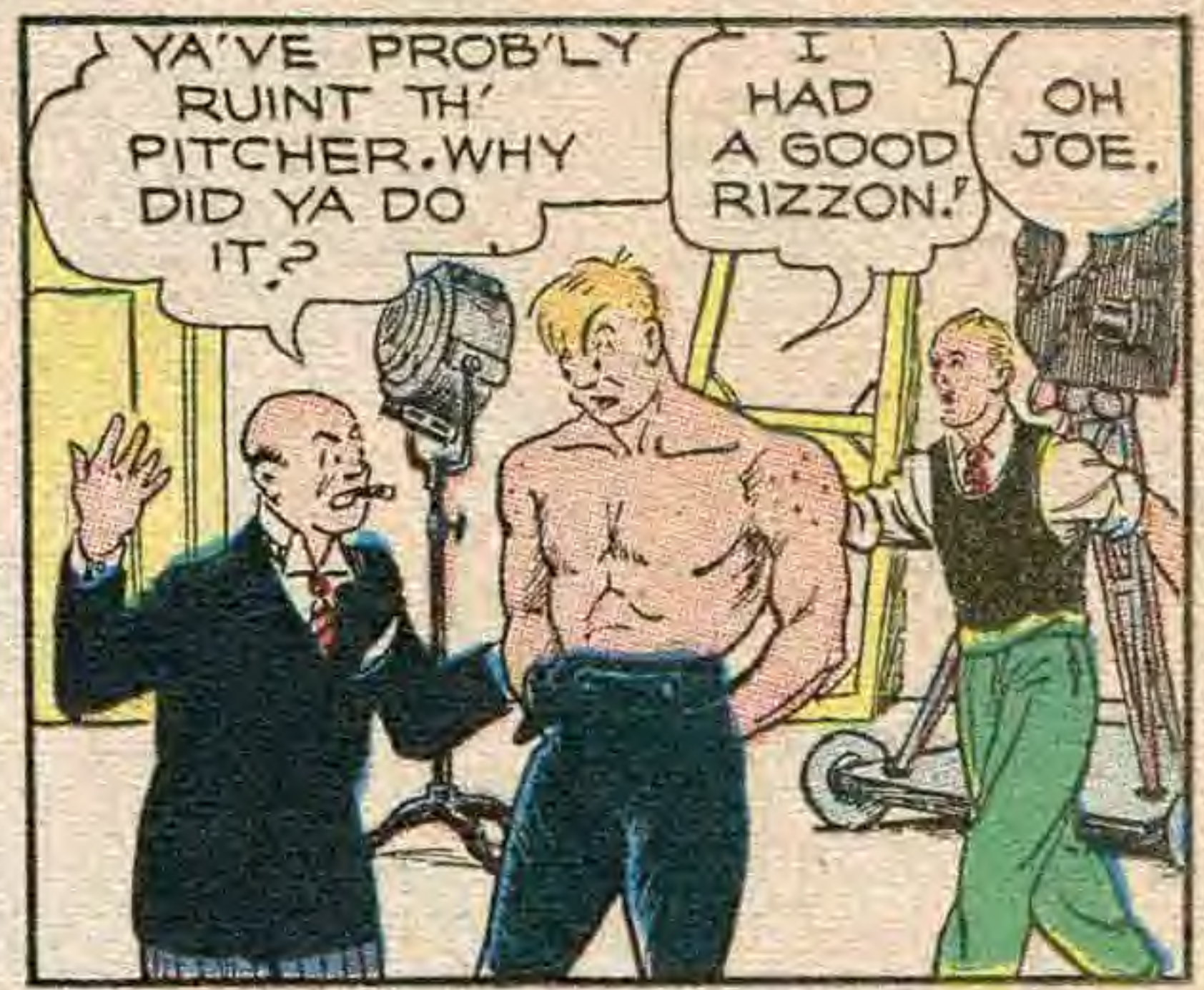
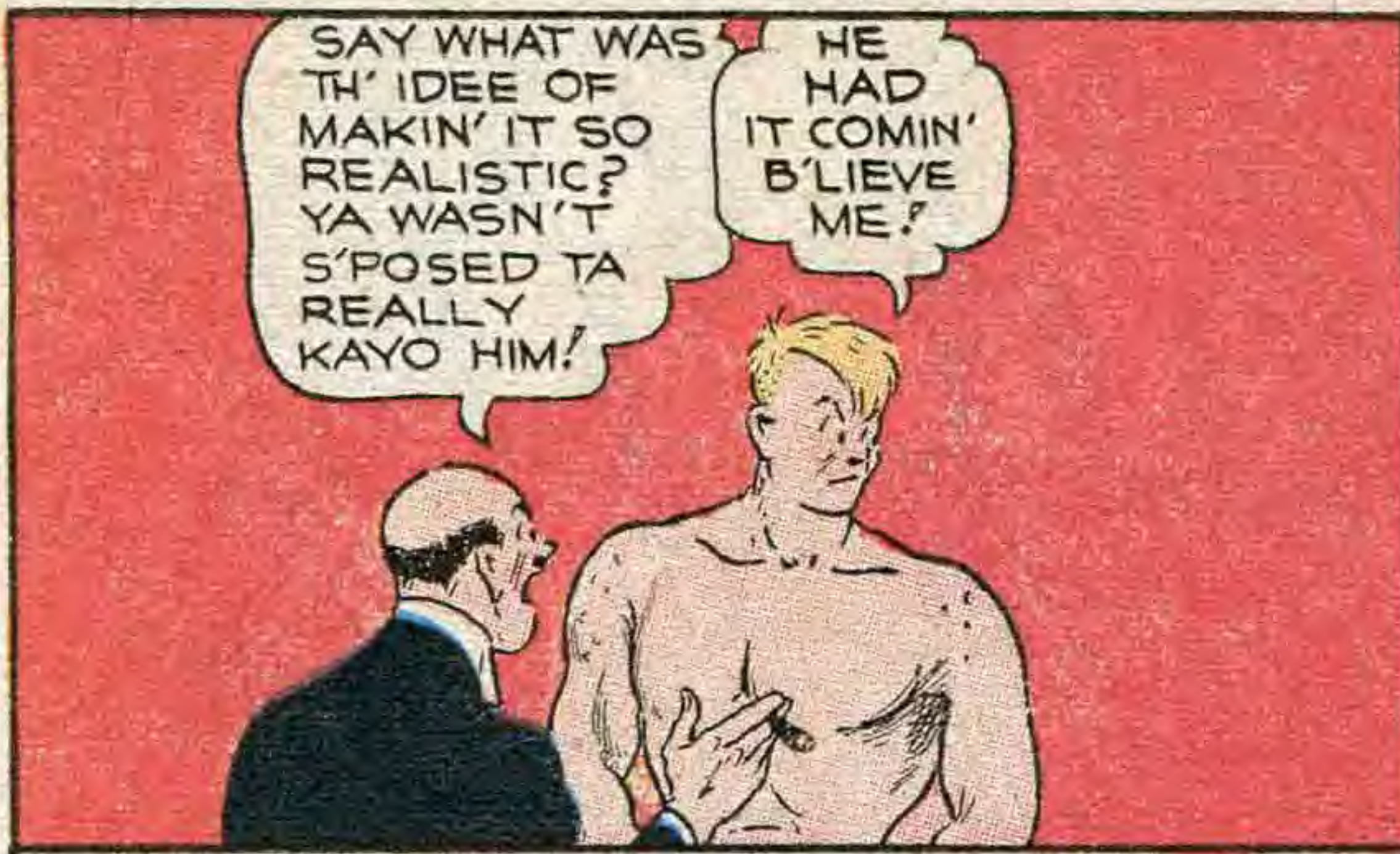
AS JOE METHODICALLY BEATS DE LAN TO A PULP, THE CAMERAS KEEP GRINDING ---- NOW A VICIOUS RIGHT HANDER TO THE BODY --- AND DE LAN FALLS TO THE TURF.



BIG SHOT COMICS

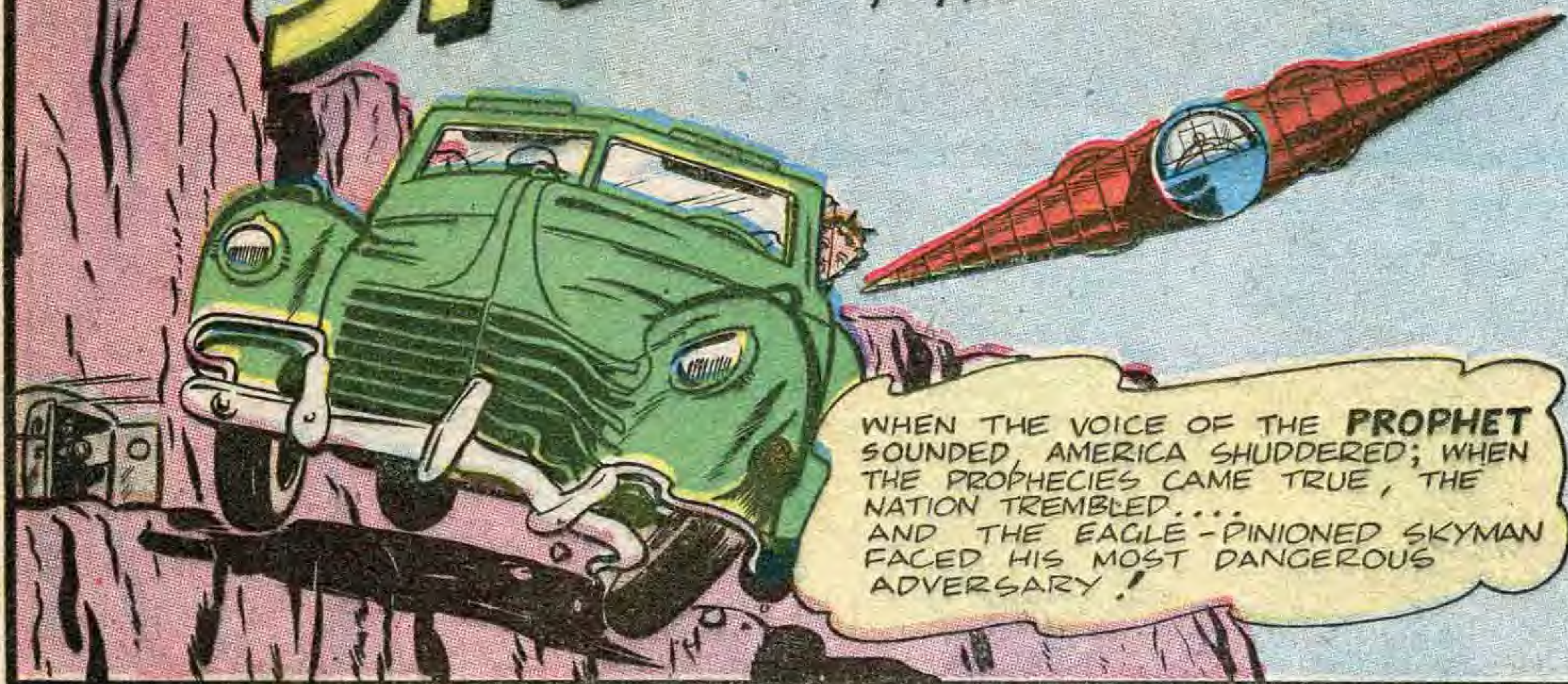


BIG SHOT COMICS



The SKYMAN

by PAUL DEAN



WHEN THE VOICE OF THE **PROPHET** SOUNDED, AMERICA SHUDDERED; WHEN THE PROPHECIES CAME TRUE, THE NATION TREMBLED... AND THE EAGLE-PINIONED SKYMAN FACED HIS MOST DANGEROUS ADVERSARY!

ONE NIGHT, IN NEW JERSEY DISASTER STRIKES A GREAT MUNITIONS FACTORY!



TWO DAYS LATER... THE APARTMENT OF FAWN CARROLL

AND NOW, A STRAUSS WALTZ, PLAYED-- **PEOPLE OF AMERICA!** THIS IS **THE PROPHET!** THREE DAYS AGO, I TOLD YOU THAT A GREAT MUNITIONS PLANT WOULD BE DESTROYED **IT WAS!**



NOW I WARN YOU THAT THE SILVER STREAK STREAMLINER WILL BE WRECKED TOMORROW! THIS IS ANOTHER SIGN TO SHOW THAT I SPEAK TRUTH WHEN I PROPHECY RUIN FOR AMERICA IF THE WAR CONTINUES. **THE VOICES** HAVE TOLD ME SO!



IN ANOTHER PART OF THE CITY, ALLAN TURNER

THE VOICES SAY AMERICA MUST STOP FIGHTING **NOW...!**

STOP? WE'RE JUST STARTING!



BIG SHOT COMICS

NEXT DAY ...

IF ANYTHING HAPPENS TO THAT TRAIN I WANT TO BE AROUND. I MIGHT BE ABLE TO PICK UP A CLUE TO THE PROPHET!

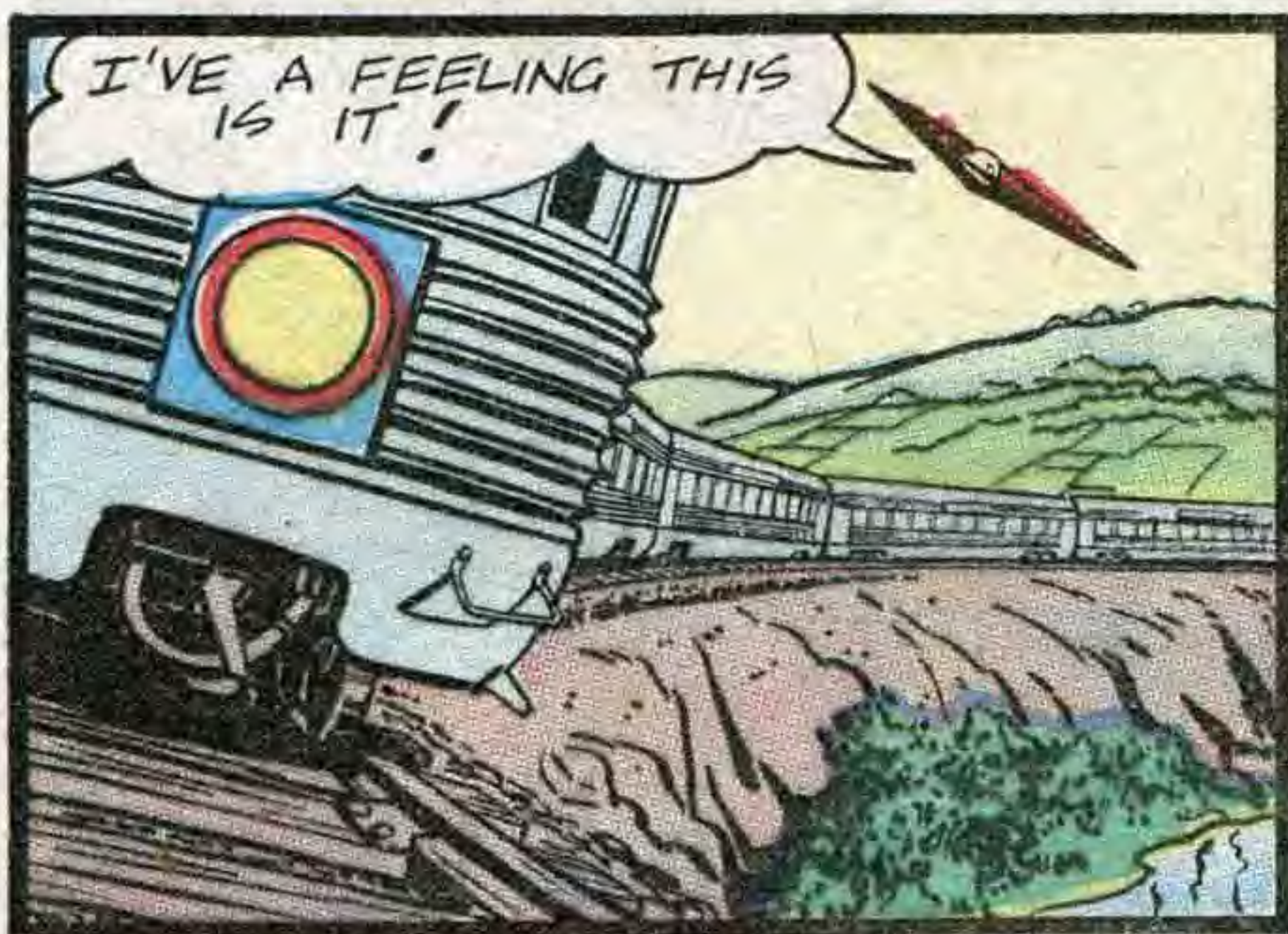


ON BOARD THE SILVER STREAK ...

EVERY FOOT OF ROAD-BED'S BEEN CAREFULLY CHECKED, MISS CARROLL, AND MEN ARE STATIONED AT VITAL SECTIONS OF THE LINE. NOTHING'LL HAPPEN TO THIS TRAIN!

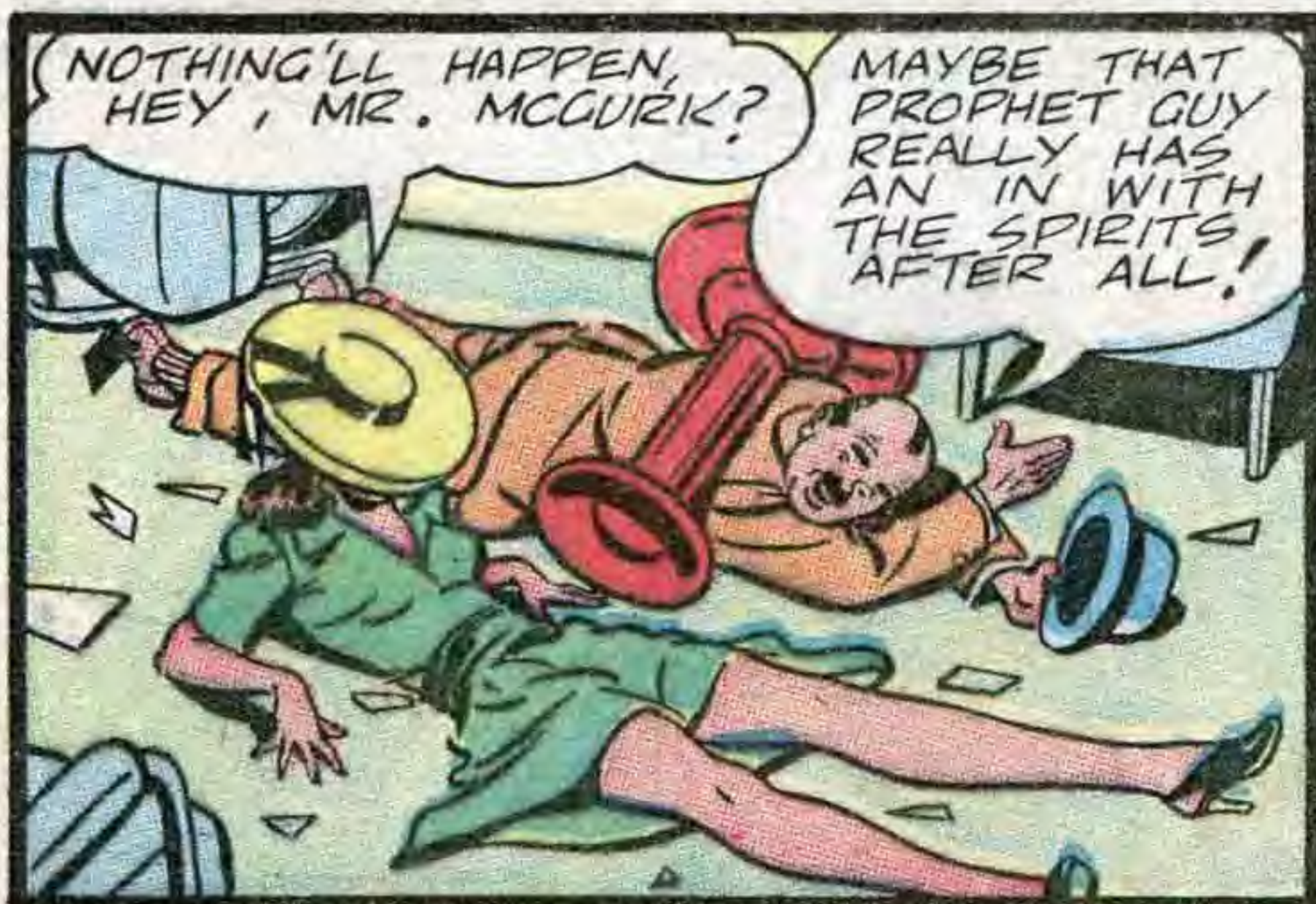


I'VE A FEELING THIS IS IT!



NOTHING'LL HAPPEN, HEY, MR. MCCURK?

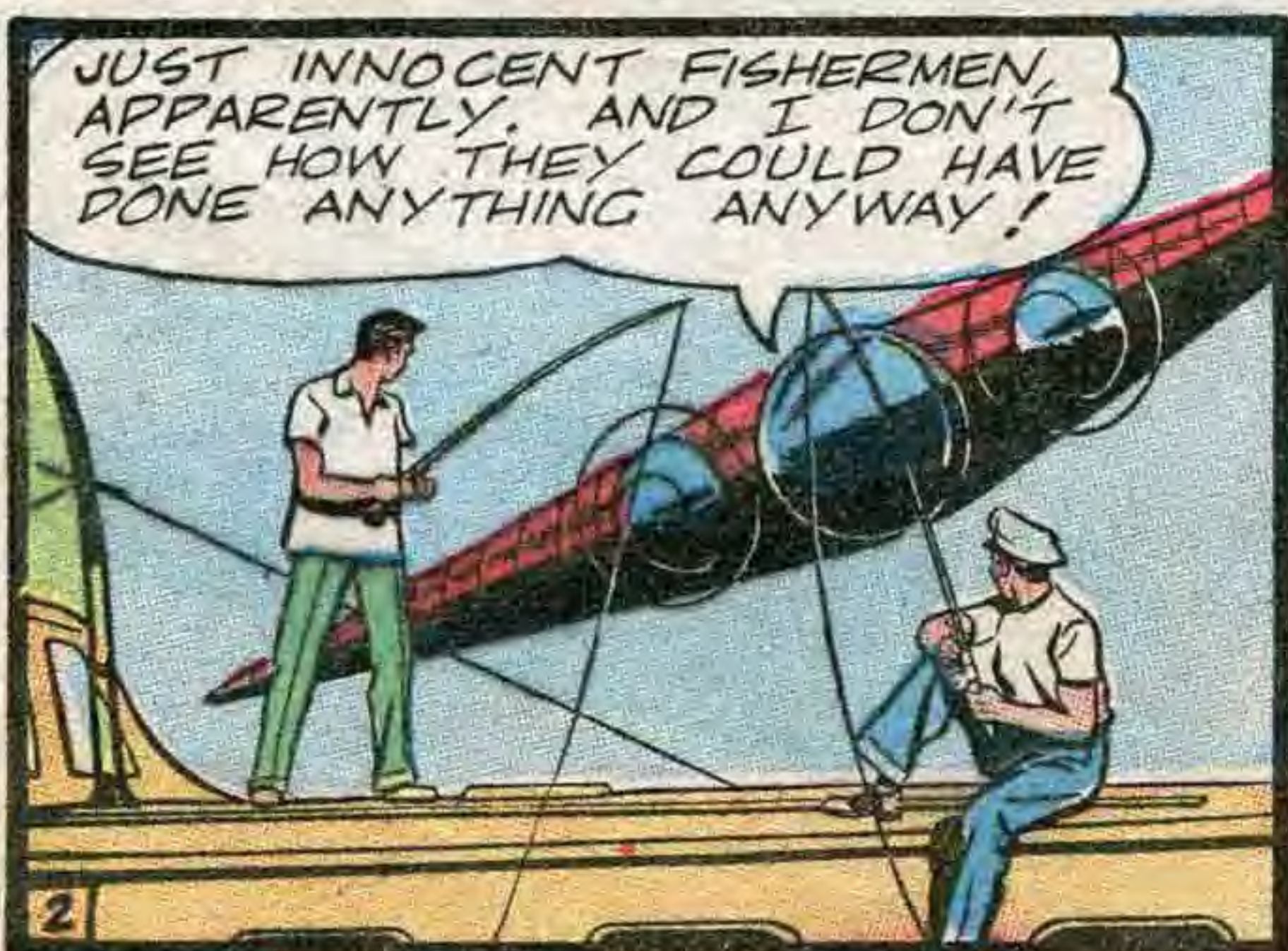
MAYBE THAT PROPHET GUY REALLY HAS AN IN WITH THE SPIRITS AFTER ALL!



THERE'S NO WAY THAT COULD HAVE HAPPENED! I THINK I'LL TAKE A LOOK AT THAT BOAT JUST IN CASE!



JUST INNOCENT FISHERMEN, APPARENTLY. AND I DON'T SEE HOW THEY COULD HAVE DONE ANYTHING ANYWAY!



LUCKY FOR HIM HE DIDN'T DECIDE TO HANG AROUND, HEY, OTTO?



BIG SHOT COMICS

TRUSTED MEN CHECKED THE RAILS JUST BEFORE THE SILVER STREAK REACHED HERE. NO WAY ANYTHING COULD HAVE BEEN DONE -- UNLESS THAT GUY UP THERE..!

THE SKYMAN? THAT'S NONSENSE!



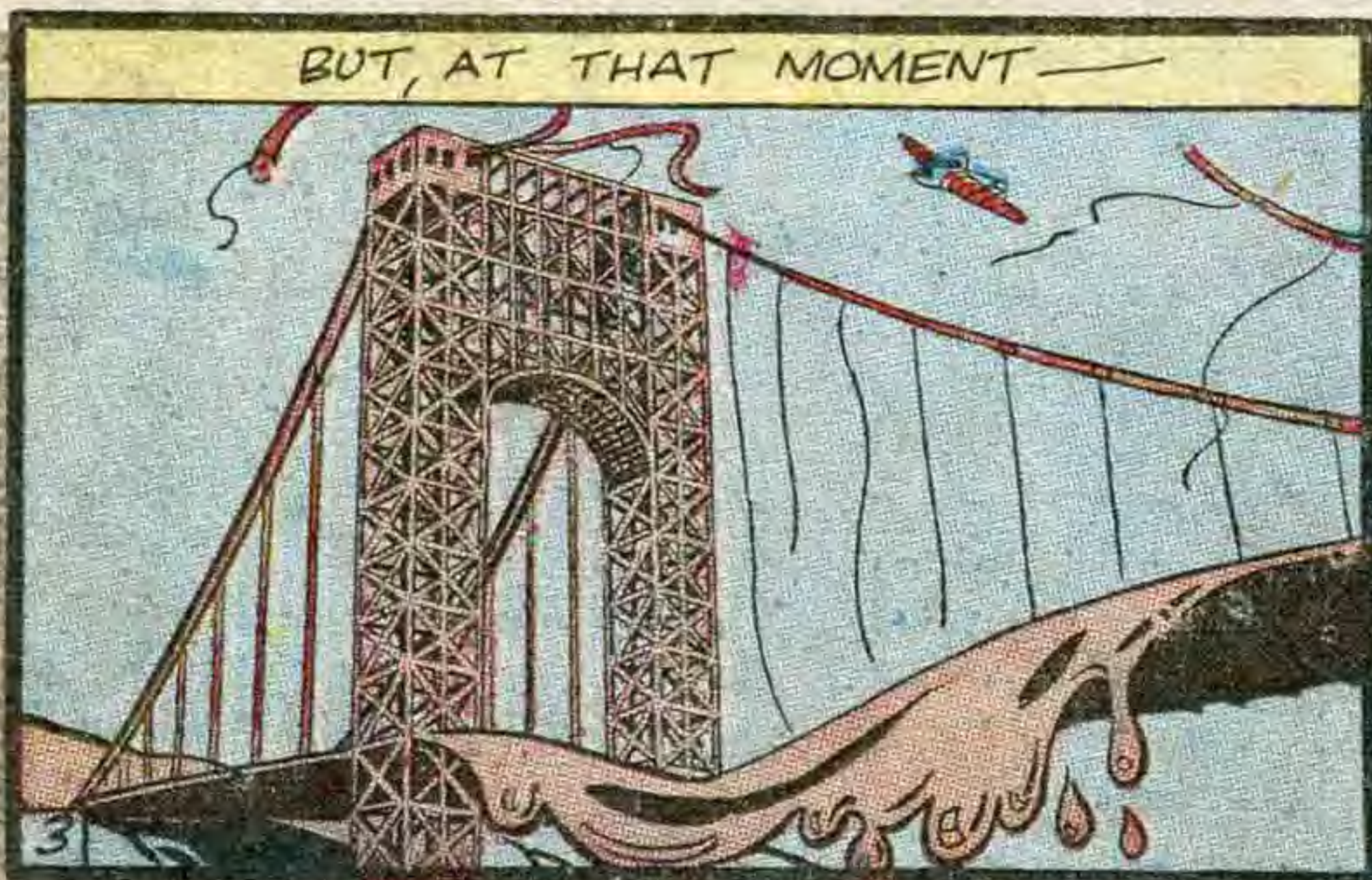
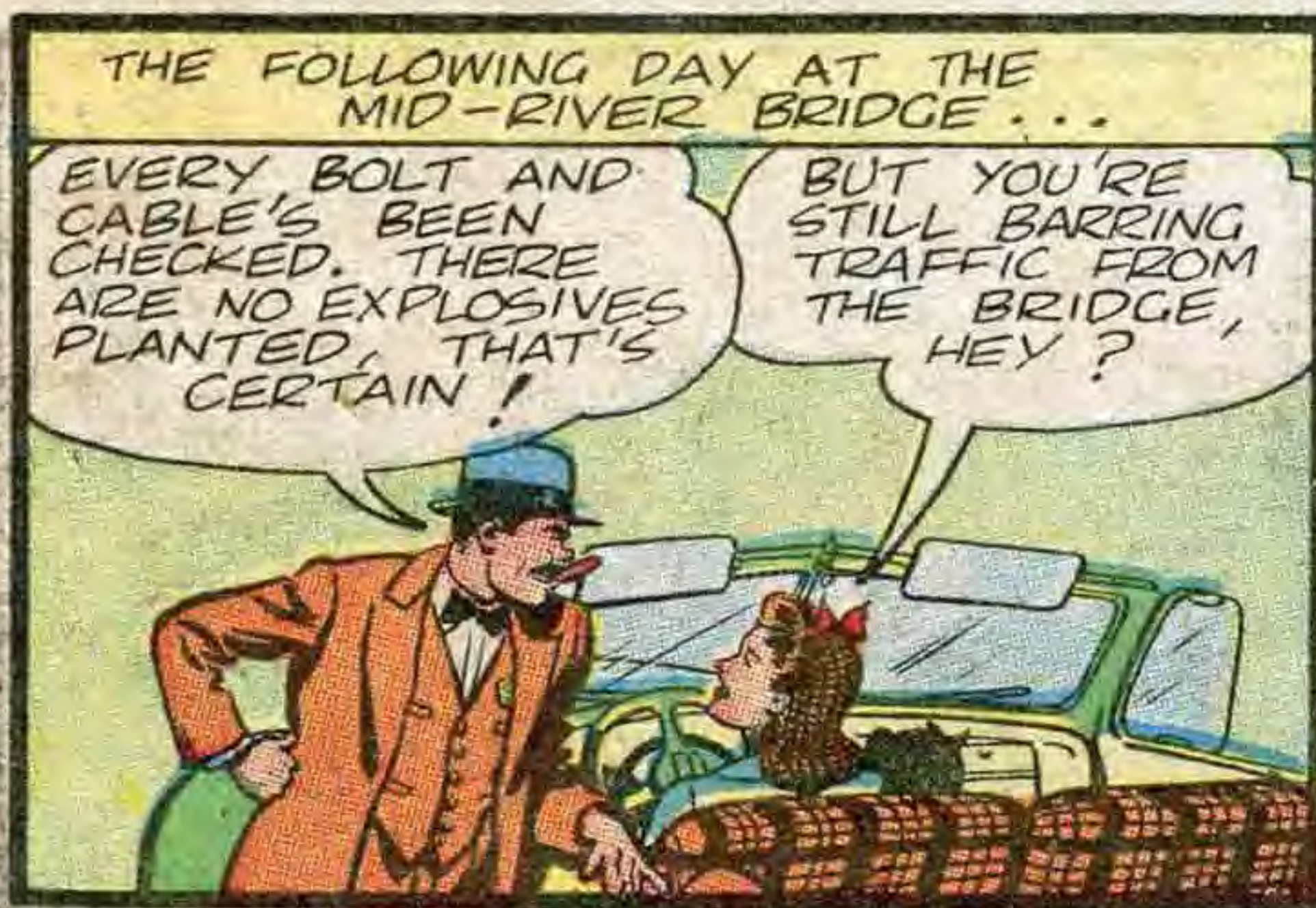
HEED MY WORDS! UNLESS AMERICA MAKES PEACE WITH THE AXIS, DOOM IS CERTAIN! TOMORROW A BRIDGE WILL FALL --- SOON AMERICA WILL FOLLOW!

THAT GUY SEEMS TO KNOW WHAT HE'S TALKING ABOUT!

YEAH!

FUNNY THING, SIR. HE SEEMS TO BE BROADCASTING FROM A MOBILE SENDING OUTFIT. BUT WE LOSE HIM -- AND THE NEXT SECOND, WE PICK HIM UP FIFTY MILES AWAY!

IMPOSSIBLE!





BIG SHOT COMICS



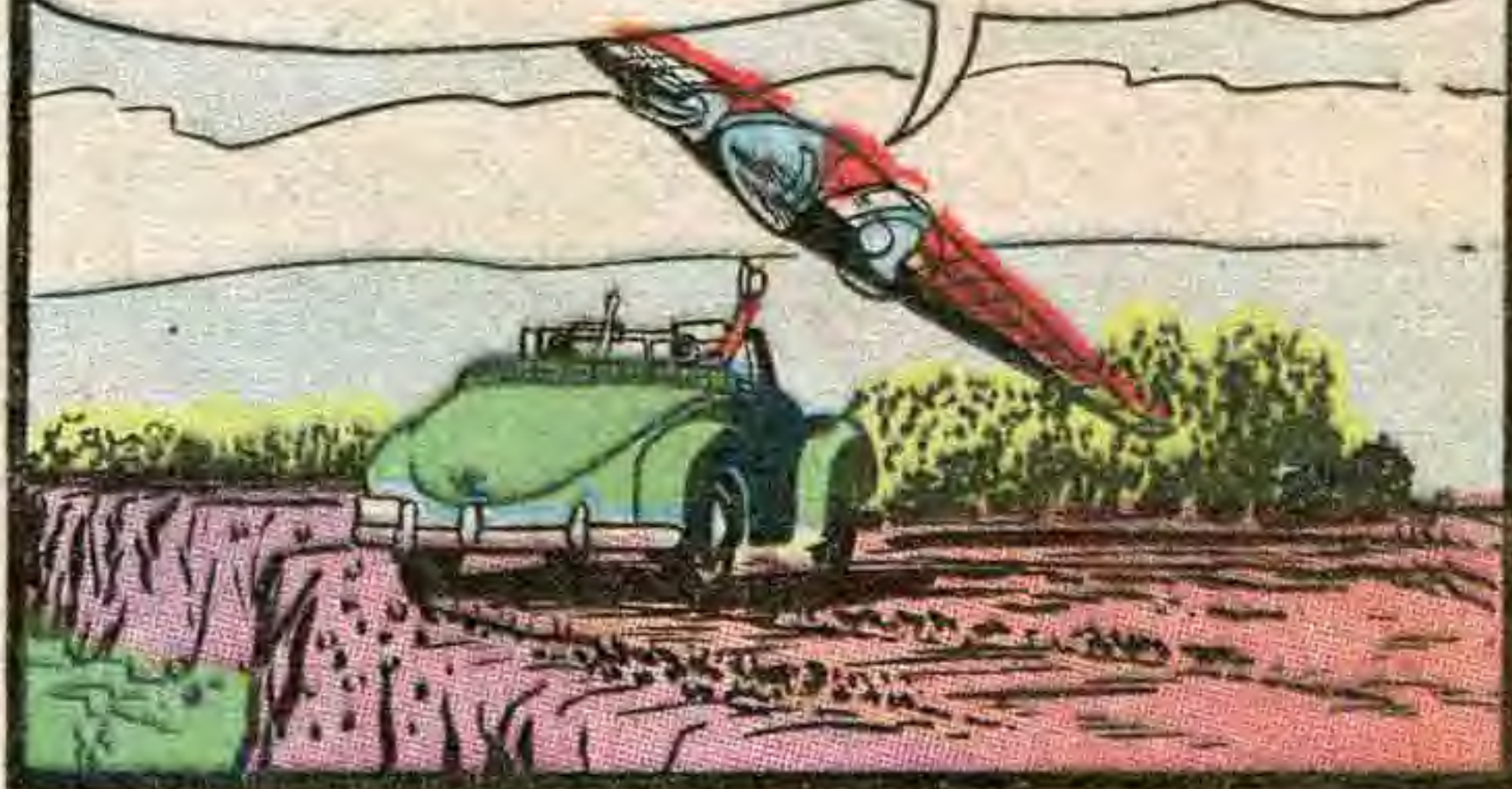
BIG SHOT COMICS

WITH THE SPEED OF THOUGHT,
SKYMAN ACTS!

I HOPE THIS
WORKS OR WE'LL
ALL BE KILLED!



IT WORKED PRAISE BE! BUT MY
POOR SHIP IS TAKING 'A BEATING.
GOOD THING IT'S BUILT LIKE A TANK!



THAT QUEER-LOOKING GUN MUST
BE THE RAY-MACHINE-- AND THEY'RE
SWINGING IT UP TO GIVE ME
THE BUSINESS!



MY ATOMATIC ISN'T SO TRICKY,
BUT IT'S PRETTY EFFECTIVE
AT THAT!



WHAT'S THIS? WHERE DID
THOSE STATE TROOPERS
COME FROM?



AS THE SKYMAN APPROACHES, THE
"STATE TROOPERS" TAKE HIM BY
SURPRISE...!

WHAT--
Ohh!

THE BOSS WAS SMART,
GETTING US THESE
TROOPER OUTFITS!



PULL OVER HERE,
YOU! WE NEED
A 'LIFT!

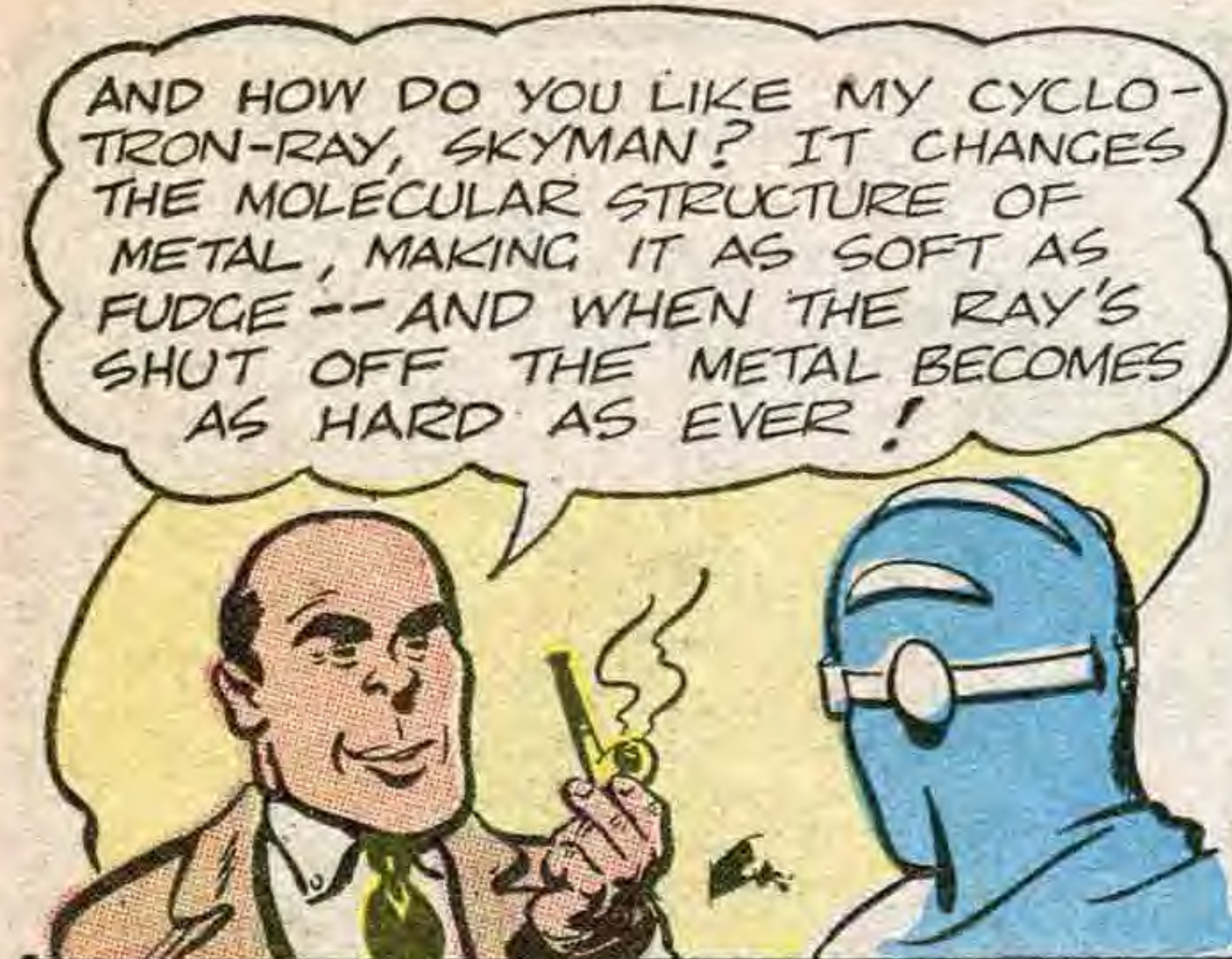
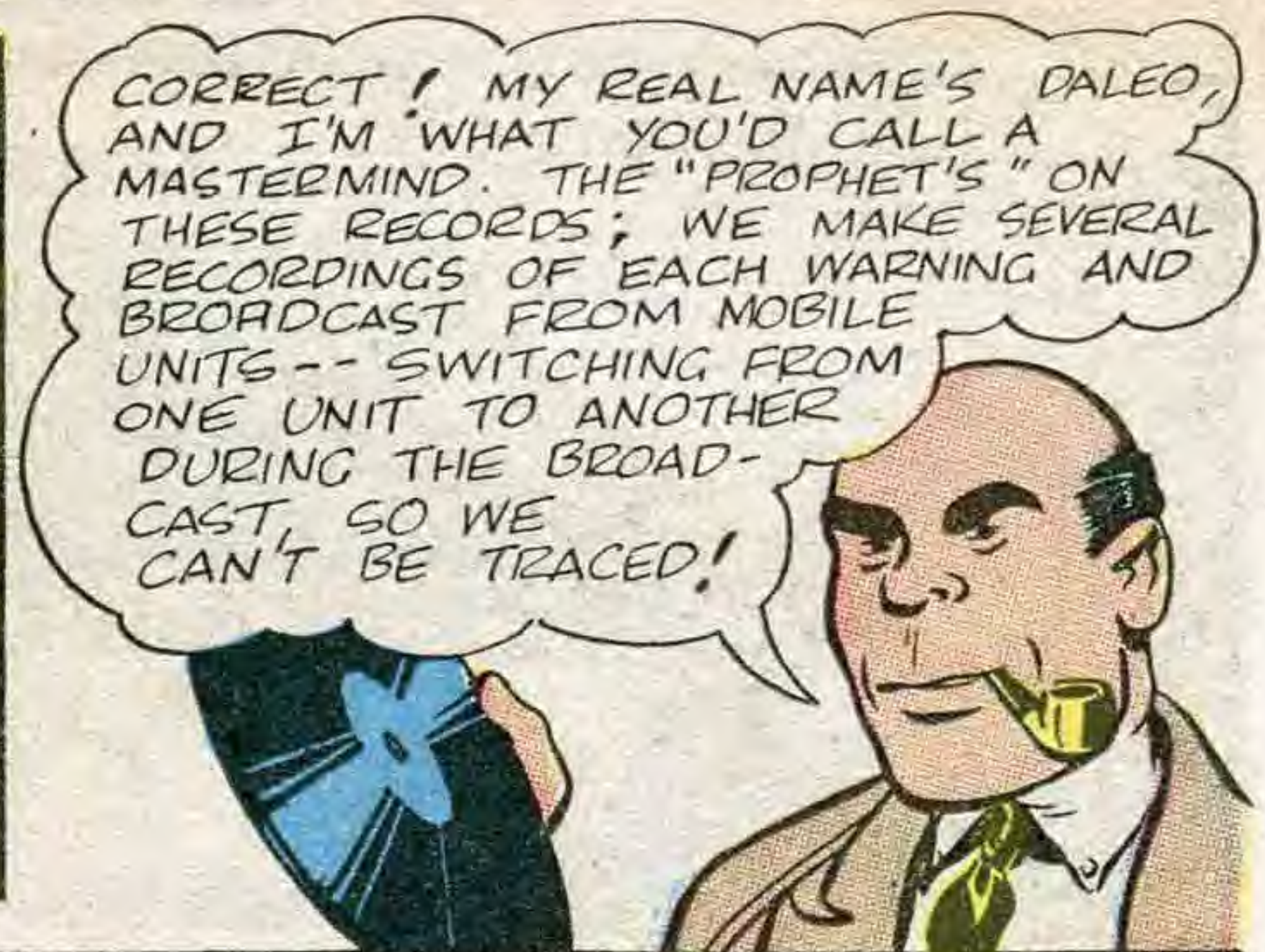


DALEO WILL
BE SORE ABOUT
THE GUN GETTING
WRECKED!

NOT WHEN HE SEES
WHO WE CAUGHT!
DALEO'S GOT A
COUPLE OF GUNS--
BUT THERE'S ONLY
ONE SKYMAN!



BIG SHOT COMICS



BIG SHOT COMICS

TWENTY MINUTES LATER...

THERE GOES THE BOMB -- AND SKYMAN!
PUT ON THE RECORD, OTTO -- WE'LL
GO ON THE AIR!



LATER, AS DUSK FALLS OVER THE
PORT OF NEW YORK...

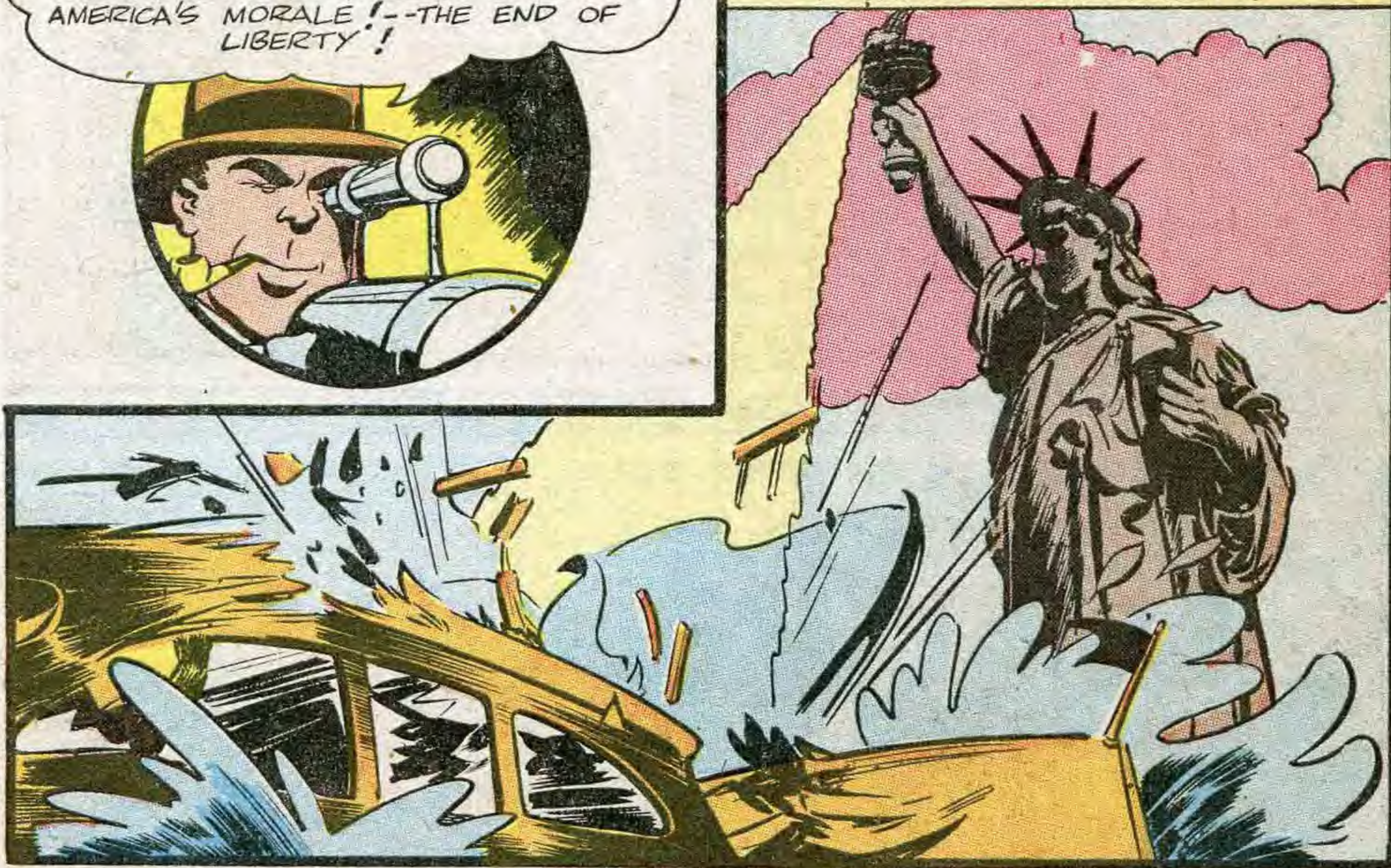
THEY'LL NEVER SUSPECT THIS FISHING
BOAT. IT'S LICENSED, A VOLUNTEER
AUXILIARY TO THE COAST GUARD,
AND EVERY PILOT IN THE HARBOR IS
FAMILIAR WITH IT!



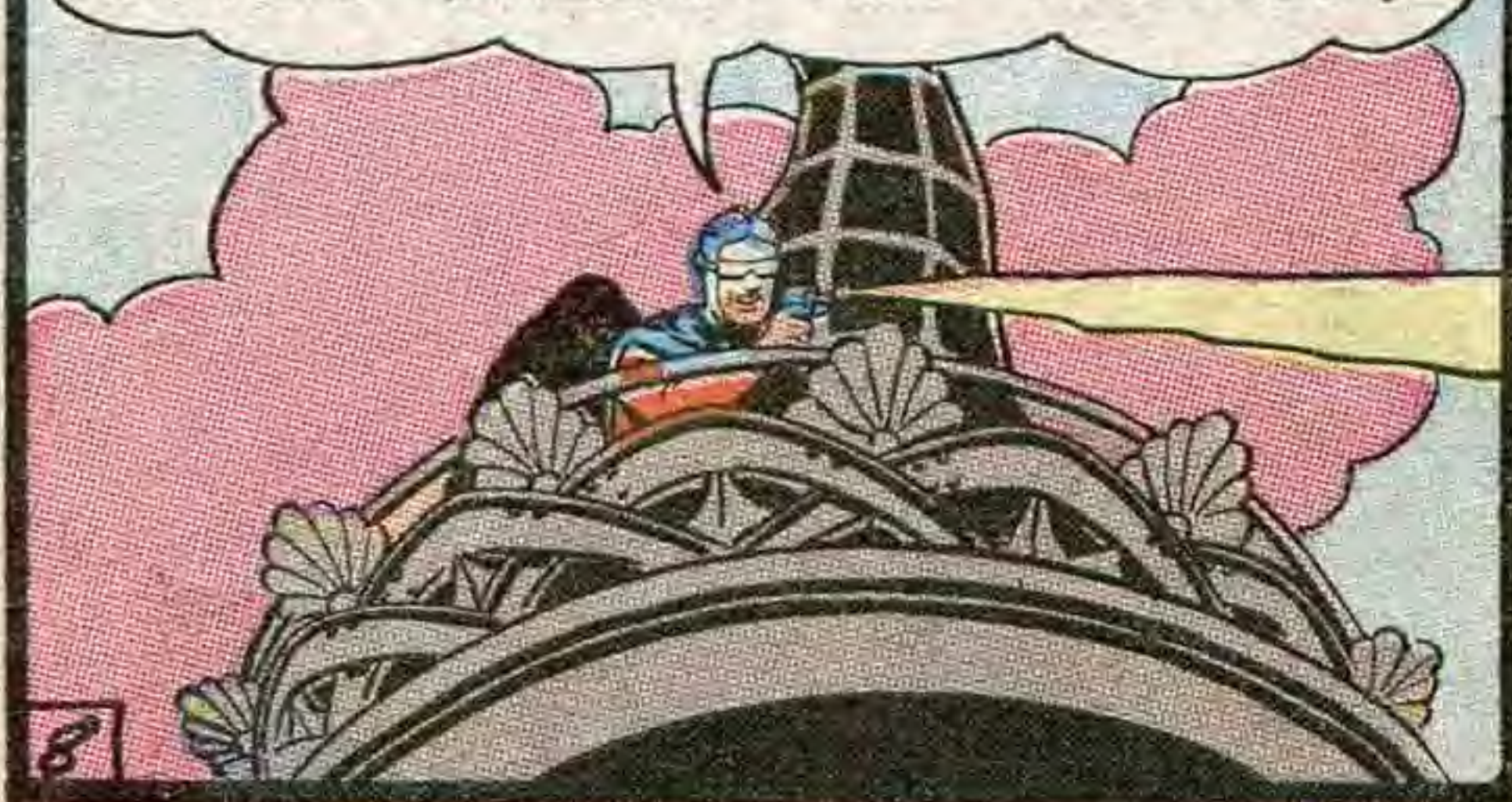
AND NOW, AS THE PROPHET PRIDICTED
THIS AFTERNOON A TERRIFIC BLOW TO
AMERICA'S MORALE! -- THE END OF
LIBERTY!



BUT BEFORE THE EVIL RAY CAN STRIKE,
THE GODDESS OF LIBERTY HURLS
A DEFIANT THUNDERBOLT!



I THOUGHT I'D RECOGNIZE DALEO'S
BOAT WHEN I SAW IT! SHOULD
HAVE KNOCKED IT OFF WHEN THE
SILVER STREAK WAS WRECKED!



LATER...

IF YOU HADN'T
TRAILED MY KID-
NAPPERS AND
RESCUED ME BEFORE
THAT BOMB WENT OFF
FAWN IT WOULD HAVE
BEEN JUST TOO BAD!

WELL, HOW'S
ABOUT A KISS
THEN -- JUST
TO SHOW YOUR
GRATITUDE!

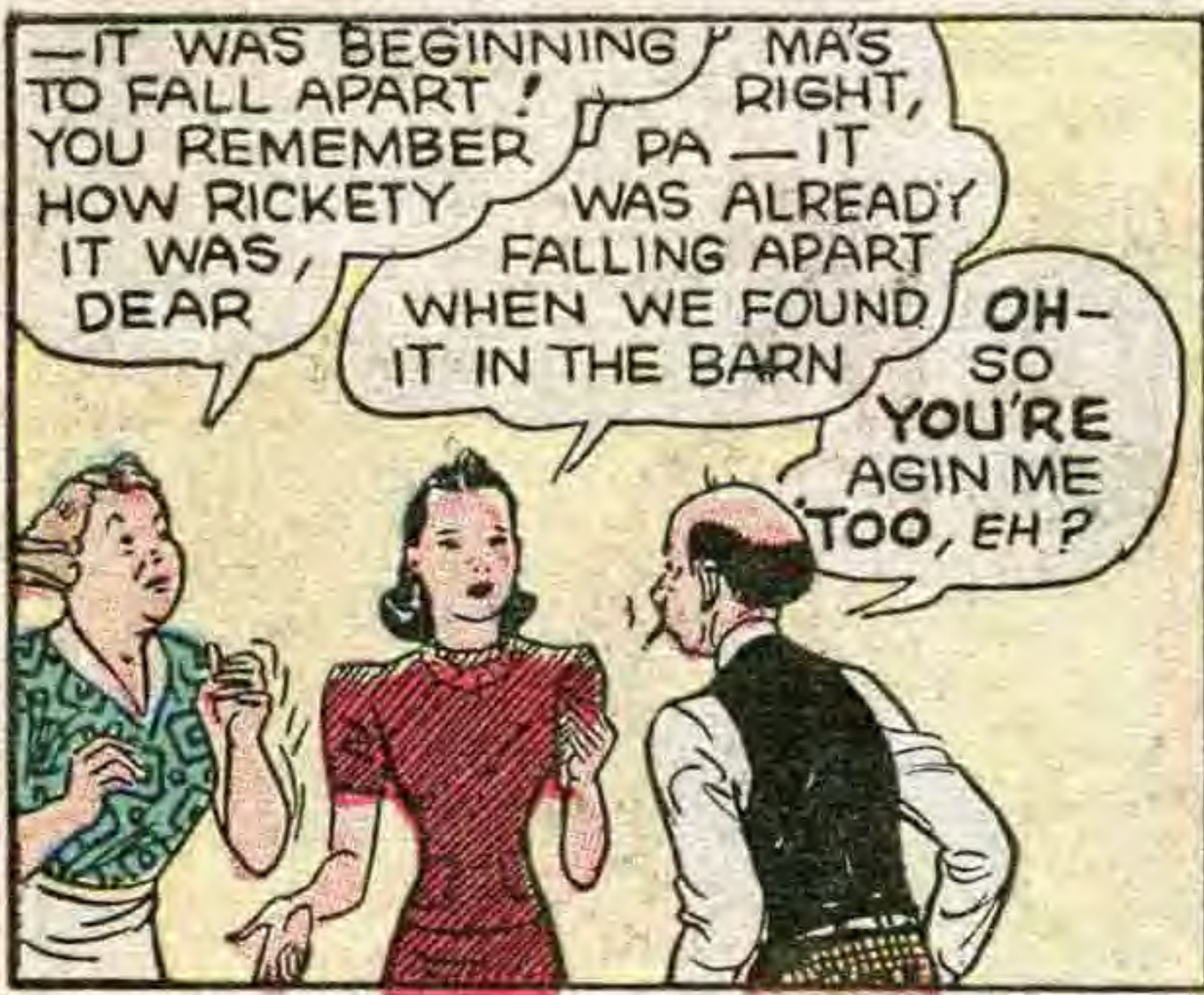


Ogden
Whitney

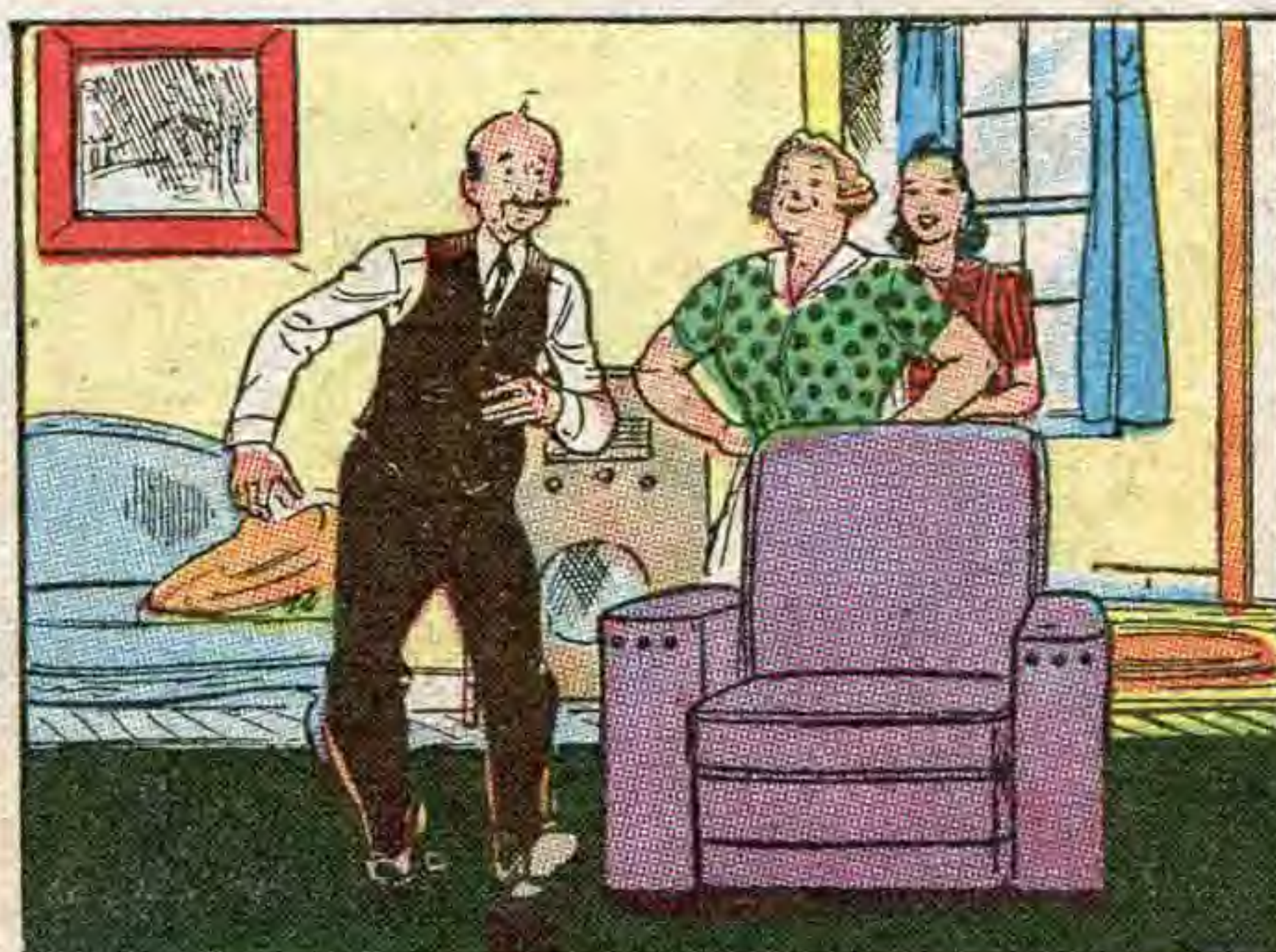
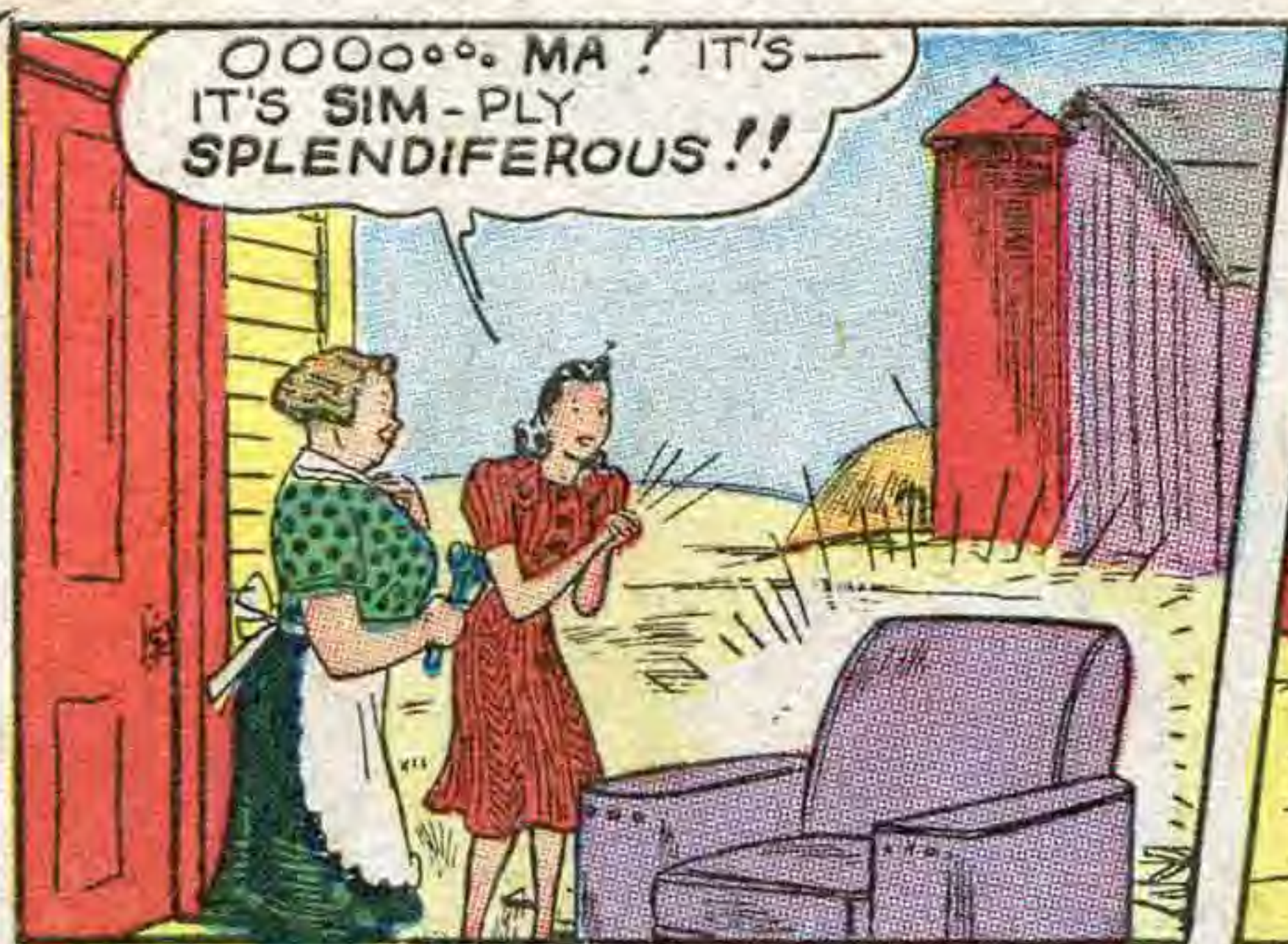
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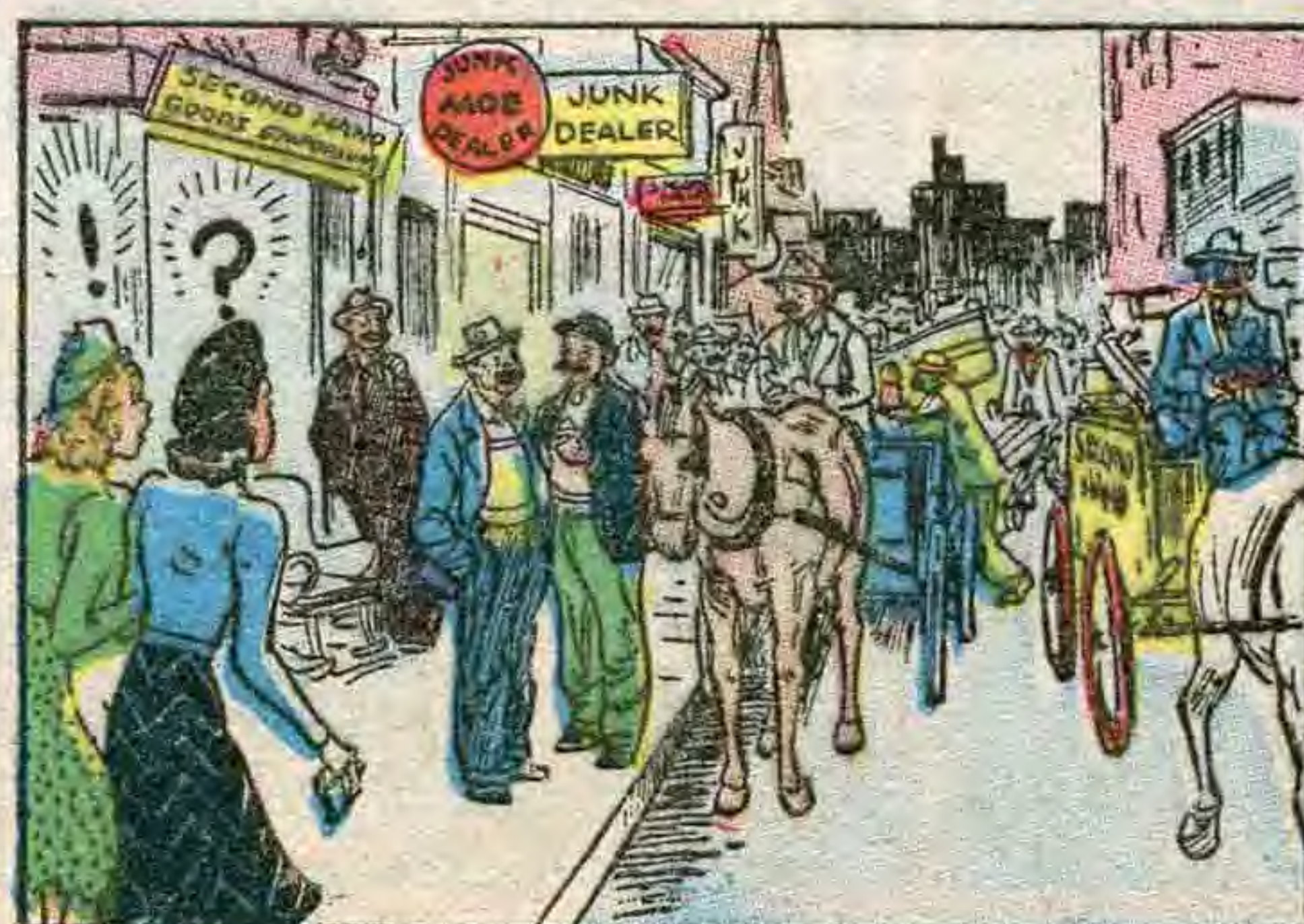
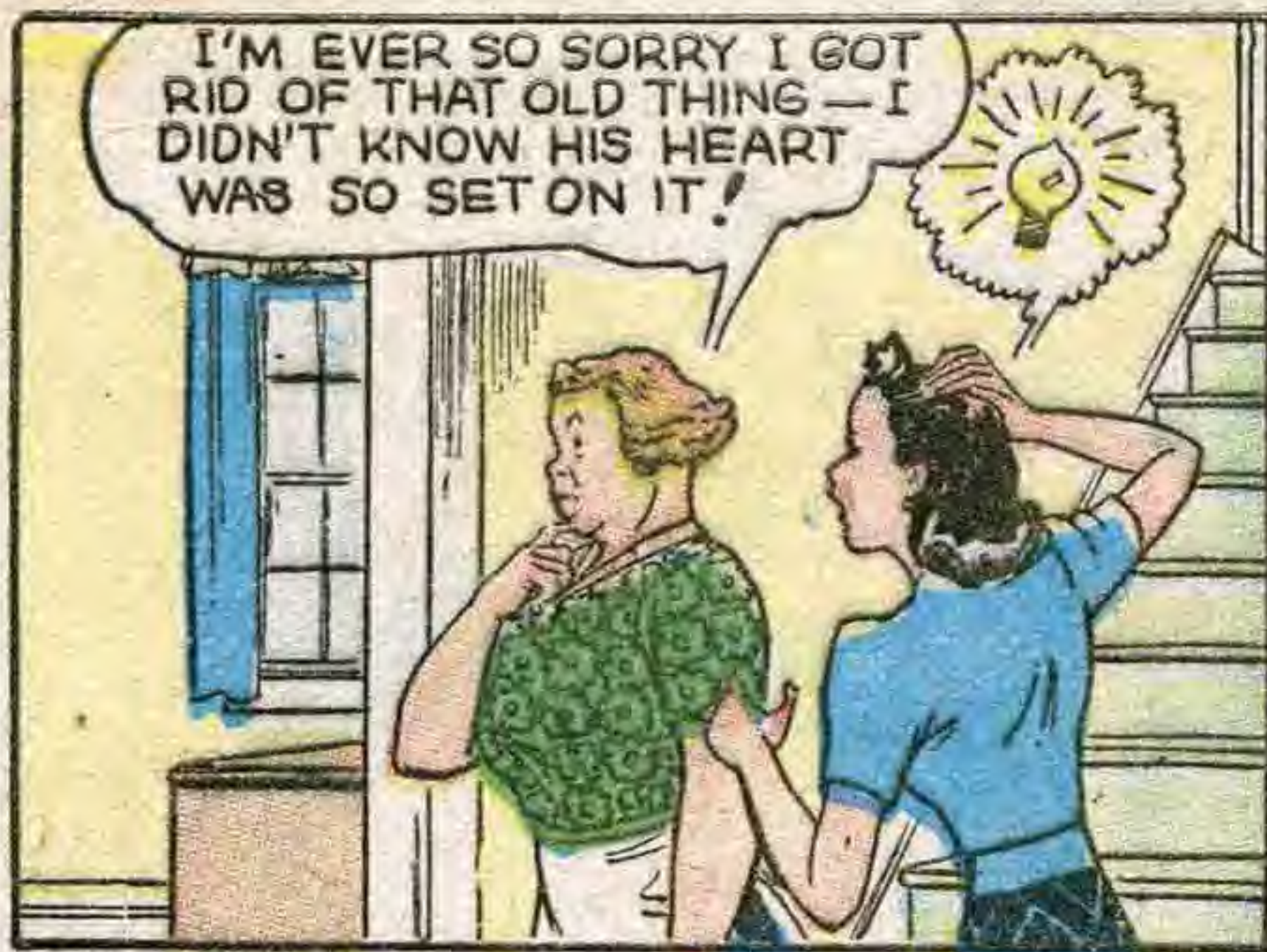
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BIG SHOT COMICS



BIG SHOT COMICS



MORE IN THE NEXT ISSUE!

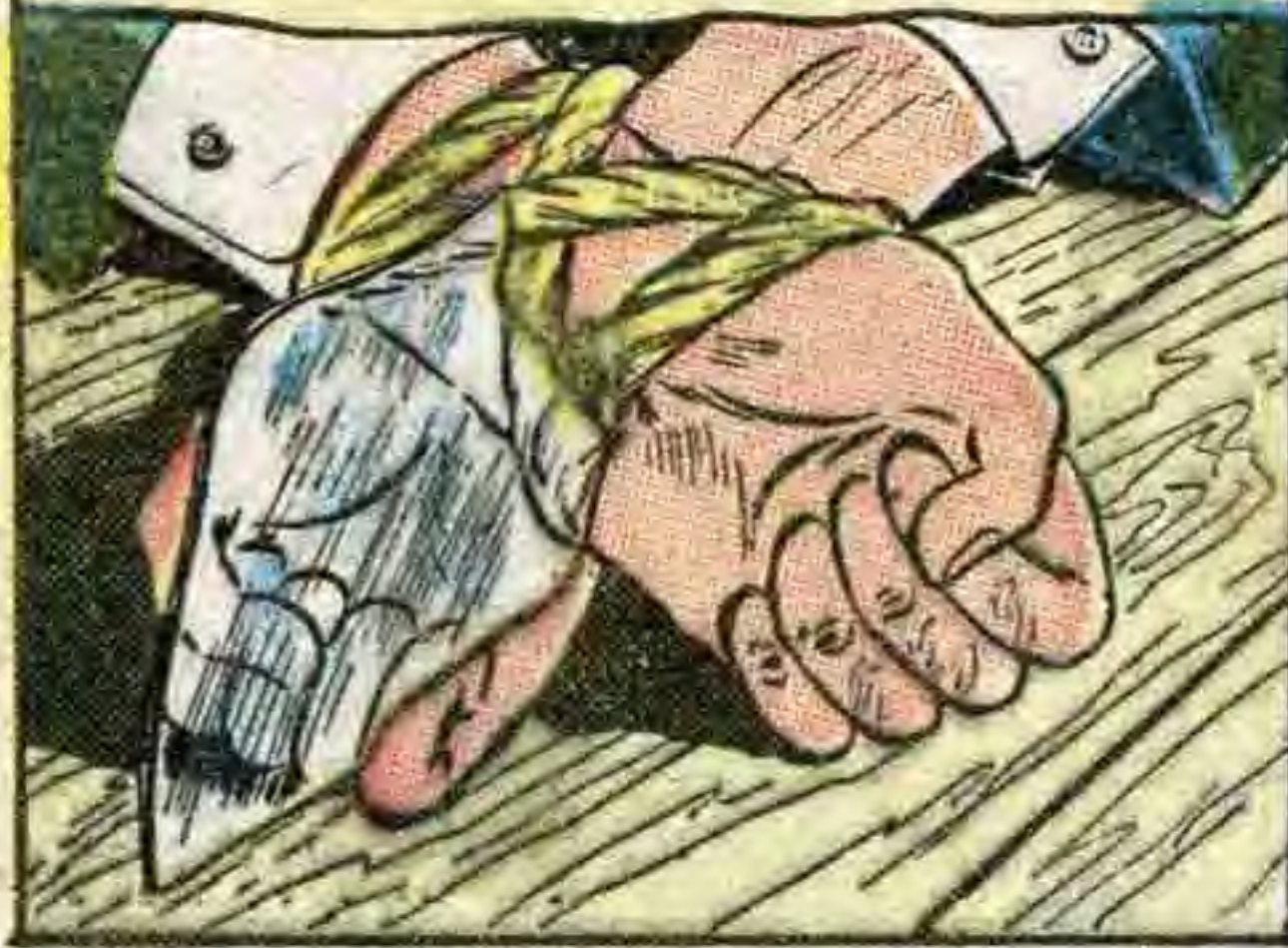
Charlie CHAN

by Alfred ANDRIOLA



BIG SHOT COMICS

AS THE DEADLY SUN RAYS CREEP TOWARD THE DYNAMITE FUSE, CHAN USES A PIECE OF BROKEN GLASS TO SAW ON HIS BONDS...



TIME GROWS SHORT! ALREADY FUSE BLAZES LIKE CHINESE FIRECRACKER! HAVE CUT HANDS AS WELL AS — HA! IT IS DONE



AND, AS CHARLIE STAGGERS FROM THE HOUSE...



MEANWHILE

WOW! A HUNDRED DOLLAR BILL IN MY BOX! HOW'D IT GET HERE?



IT ISN'T MINE! I'D BETTER TURN IT OVER TO THE POLICE! HEY, YOU! STOP FOR THE RED LIGHT!



HELP! OH, PLEASE, HELP!

SAY, WHAT GOES ON?



THAT LITTLE GIRL IS IN TROUBLE! I'M GOING TO FIND OUT WHY!



KEEP THAT IMP QUIET! SHE NEARLY QUEERED THE PITCH, BELLOWING BACK THERE!



TWENTY MINUTES LATER

THEY'VE STOPPED! GEE, THIS IS AN OLD, DESERTED NEIGHBORHOOD!



WE HIDE HERE! STEVE HAS GONE TO MAIL THE RANSOM NOTE FOR \$250,000!

GREAT GUNS! IS THE HAWK ASKING A QUARTER OF A MILLION FOR LITTLE BUTTERCUP?



\$250,000 IS A LOT OF RANSOM FOR A KID, BUT OL' GOOD-MAN HAS IT!

WE OUGHT TO CUT OURSELVES A NICE PIECE — HEY, DID YOU HEAR THAT?



NO YOU DON'T, YOU LITTLE LUG!

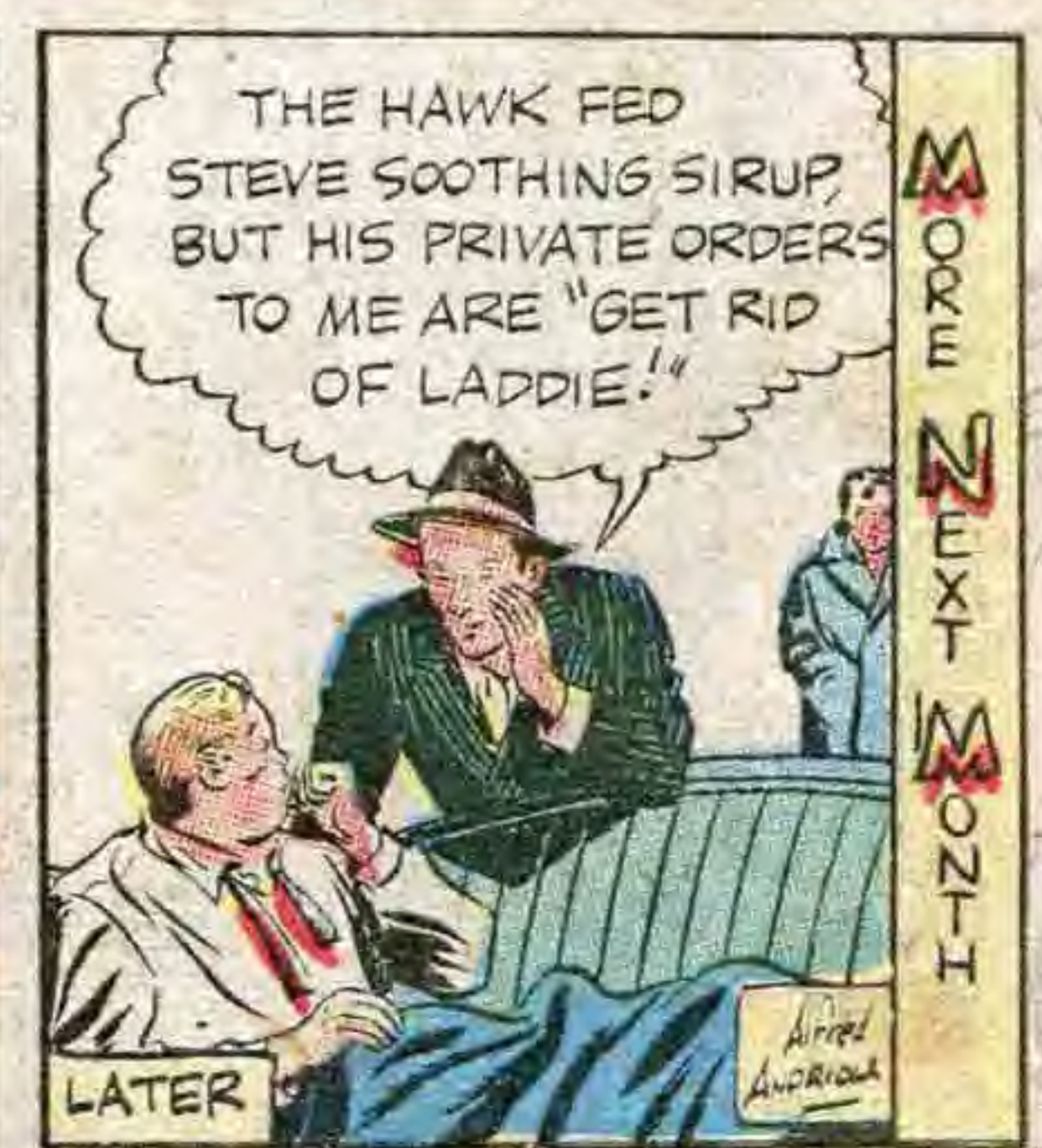
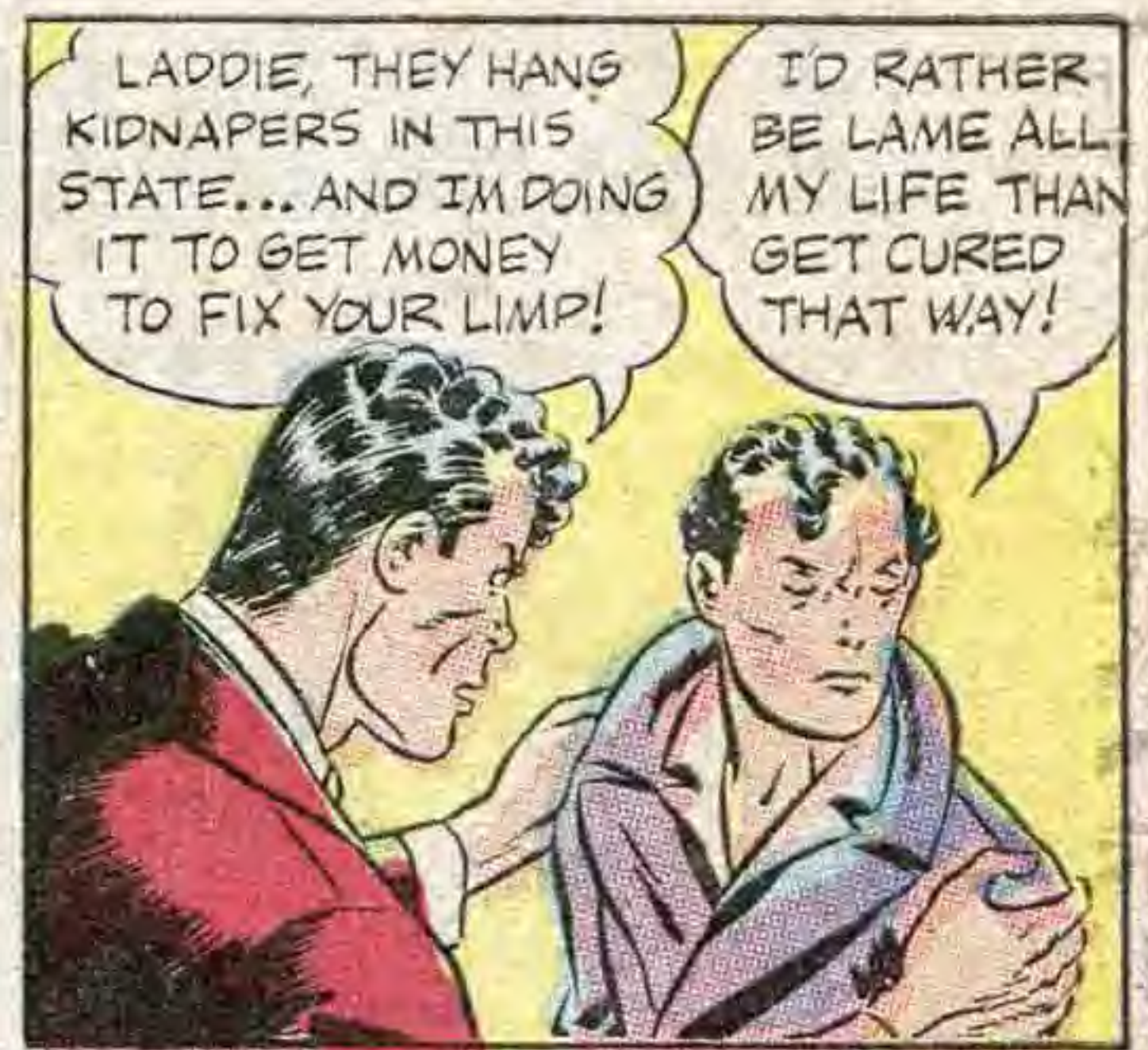
LEME GO!



BIG SHOT COMICS



BIG SHOT COMICS



MORE NEXT MONTH

BIG SHOT COMICS

JARRING THE JAPS

THE glistening prow of the submarine broke the water swiftly, choppy waves mounting her sides and blowing back over the turret in vaporous curtains. Overhead the gulls circled and screamed, more frightened than angry at the strange intrusion.

Beyond the rim of the south China Sea, the sun had dipped

IF YOU CAN'T JOIN UP WITH ME, THE NEXT BEST THING TO HELP US LICK THEM MAD DOGS IS TO BUY ALL THE UNITED STATES SAVINGS BONDS AND STAMPS YOU CAN!!



and disappeared. In the diminishing golden after-glow the rugged form of Formosa Island rose from the floor of the sea, hostile and forbidding.

The hatch of the submarine opened and several officers came on deck. For a moment they stood by the rail, breathing deeply of the warm twilight air. Theirs had been the tedious and nerve-straining task of slipping through the strong, tightly bound ring of Japanese destroyers and cruisers that guarded Formosa. To accomplish the feat required the skill and daring and expert cooperation of every member aboard the under-sea craft. But this had been only the first step in their perilous mission. The second and even more hazardous one now awaited them.

Ruddy-faced and sandy-haired, Lieutenant Bill Walsh peered through his glasses at the silhouetted coast of the Japanese island. Far in the interior, he could make out the faint outline of Mt. Niitaka towering above the mountainous chain that stretched down along the east side of the island. Somewhere on that rugged shore Captain Everett Stone, of the United States Navy, was being held a captive by the Japanese.

That Captain Stone was a person of importance and of extreme value to the American government, was a known fact. For he alone, of all the officers in the Asiatic fleet, possessed the fullest knowledge of the coastal defense system of the island of Japan itself. And such knowledge played a vital part in the plans that were being prepared for an all-out invasion of the Land of the Rising Sun.

When word first reached headquarters in Washington of the torpedoing and sinking of Captain Stone's destroyer, and of his capture by the enemy, fists were clenched and strong imprecations echoed along the marble corridors. Inquiries were immediately made through all the available channels of information to learn where the

Japanese had taken Captain Stone. And once that knowledge had been gained, orders were dispatched to the Pacific fleet to get Stone away from the Nipponese at any cost.

The submarine on which Bill Walsh was stationed was assigned this ticklish task. There could be no failure of the mission—every member aboard the American sub had sworn to see the thing through to a successful conclusion or perish in the attempt.

Captain Rogers, commanding officer of the submarine, stood beside Walsh and fixed his eyes grimly on the distant land. "Well, Lieutenant, we're just about on the threshold. Somewhere in the general vicinity of that point is where Captain Stone should be." He indicated a mountainous neck of the shore that jutted into the sea, a formidable bastille for the Japanese prisoner.

"If he's there, we'll get him, Captain," said Walsh with firm conviction.

"We'll do our best," the captain added. He turned toward the hatch and Bill saw the muscles of his jaw suddenly become taut and prominent, the only evidence of the emotion that surged within the man.

As dusk settled, the shore of Formosa became hazy and almost unreal in appearance. The protruding stretch of land where it was reasonably sure that Captain Stone was being held a prisoner, had now blended itself with the rest of the rocky coastline—from the deck of the submarine it seemed to have disappeared from sight completely.

Captain Rogers gave the order to submerge. It was his plan to approach the land as closely as possible without attracting the Japanese soldiers stationed there. Then, under the protective covering of night, the rescue party would put to shore in one of the collapsible rubber-boats and would endeavor to effect the escape of Captain Stone.

BIG SHOT COMICS

SEVERAL hours passed before Captain Rogers issued the order to rise to the surface. And this only to permit the turret to remain above the lapping waves. The hatch opened again and Lieutenant Walsh stepped on deck, followed by Captain Rogers and a sailor.

The night was extremely dark and the rescuers were assured of at least two hours in which to accomplish their work before the moon would rise. Overhead the inky blackness of the sky was perforated by countless twinkling stars. It seemed a fantastic contradiction that beneath such a celestial canopy of peace the nations of the world were at each others' throats, fangs bared, murderously and ruthlessly engaged in their bloody battle of conquest.

"Everything ready?" Captain Rogers inquired.

"All set, Captain," was Walsh's grim reply. He strapped on his automatic. He and the sailor silently lifted the inflated rubber boat and slid it over the side, into the water.

The sub lay off-shore approximately a hundred yards. Walsh and his husky sailor-companion paddled the distance in less than ten minutes. Once they lifted their paddles from the water and held them motionless when a light suddenly appeared high up the face of the towering shore.

"Probably one of the guards," Walsh whispered. "Anyway, we know that someone's moving around up there."

The night was extremely dark and the sound of the water lapping and churning among the rocks on the shore was the only indication they had that they were approaching land. They eased the rubber craft in and felt the bottom scrape the pebbled beach. They alighted and lifted the boat onto dry ground.

"Now the fun begins," said Walsh. "I'm going to head for that light up there. You stand guard here, Joe—and when you hear me whistle, flash your light so's I'll know where the boat is."

"I'll be waitin', Lieutenant," Joe replied, making no pretense to conceal the disappointment he

experienced. He thought he might be asked to accompany Walsh—he was itching to get his hands around the necks of a few Japs.

Walsh sensed the sailor's feelings. "I know what you're thinking, Joe—but you may still get a whack at them. So long!"

The ground rose abruptly and Walsh found himself climbing a steep incline. In the utter darkness, the going was difficult. He stumbled over rocks, crawled around huge boulders and inched his way through clumps of bushes. It was practically impossible to see any definite object except the light that glowed high above him on the mountainside.

Some twenty minutes elapsed before Walsh reached the crest on the mountainside from where the guiding light shone. Other lights, not visible from the submarine nor the shore below, glowed from windows and doorways in what appeared to be a cluster of barracks. In the center of the buildings a flagpole held aloft the emblem of the rising sun of Japan.

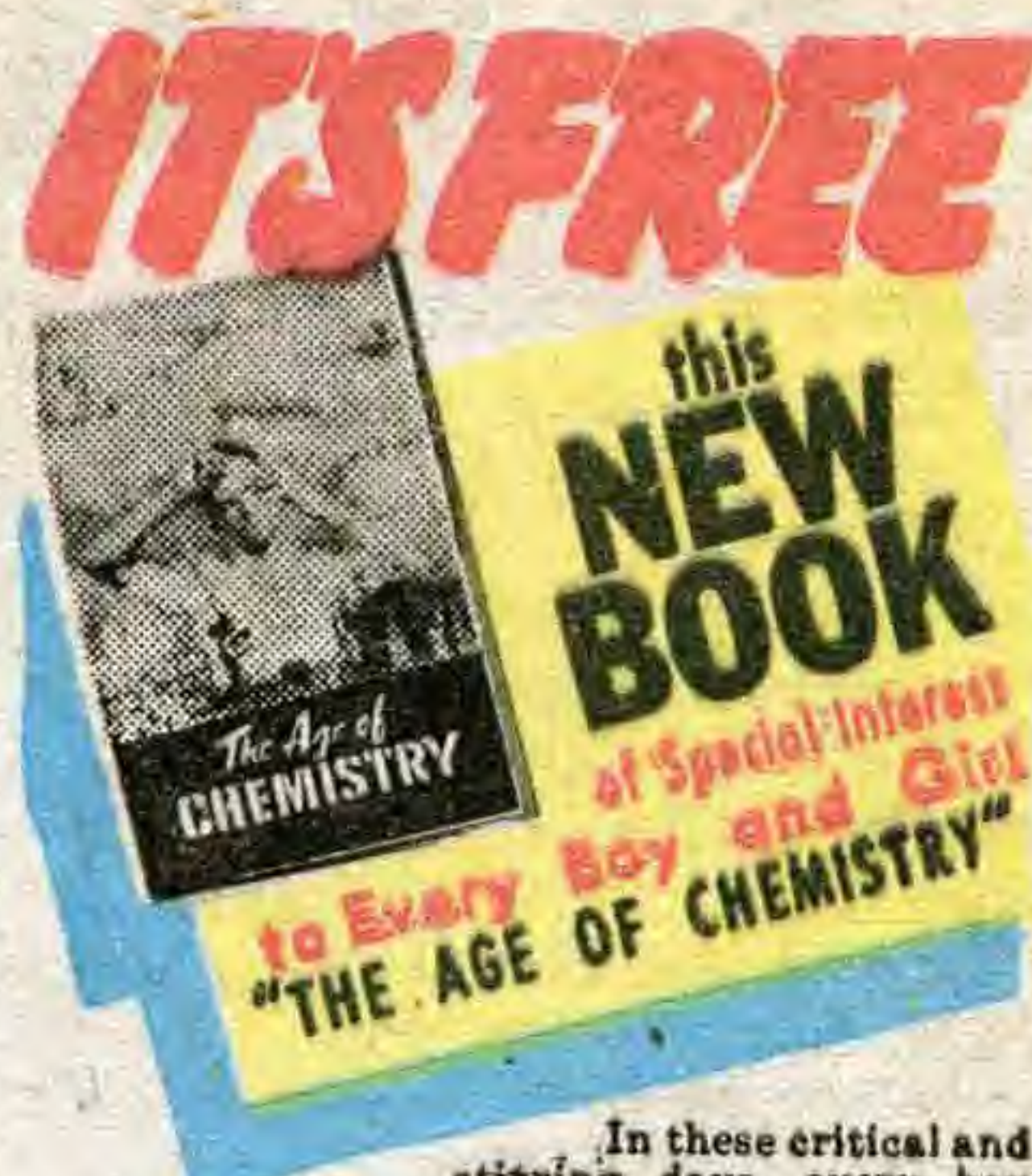
Groups of Japanese soldiers congregated in front of the several barracks. They laughed, talked and smoked—completely unaware that one of their hated American enemies watched their movements from the darkness not many yards away.

"Looks like they have a regular small army stationed here," Walsh thought to himself. "Wonder where they've got Captain Stone?"

Realizing the priceless value of the passing seconds, he pressed forward to seek the answer to his own question. Somewhere in those buildings ahead the American naval officer was imprisoned—and Walsh meant to find out.

In a crouching position, he advanced step by step—then suddenly collided with another person. The impact threw Walsh off balance and in the following moment he heard the other party curse him in Japanese!

Will Lieutenant Walsh succeed in his mission of rescuing Captain Stone from his Japanese captors? Be sure to read the thrilling conclusion to this story in next month's issue of BIG SHOT!



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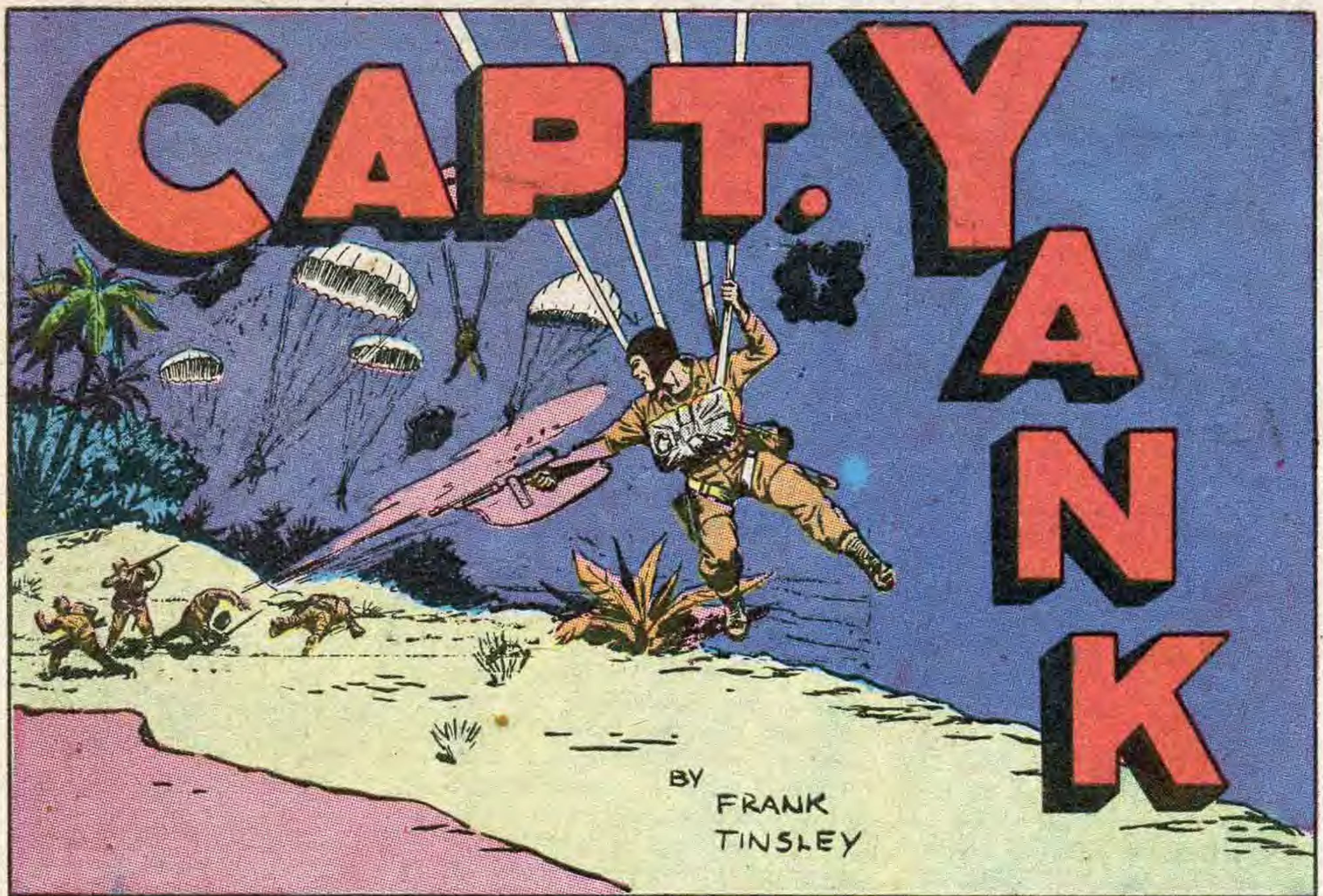
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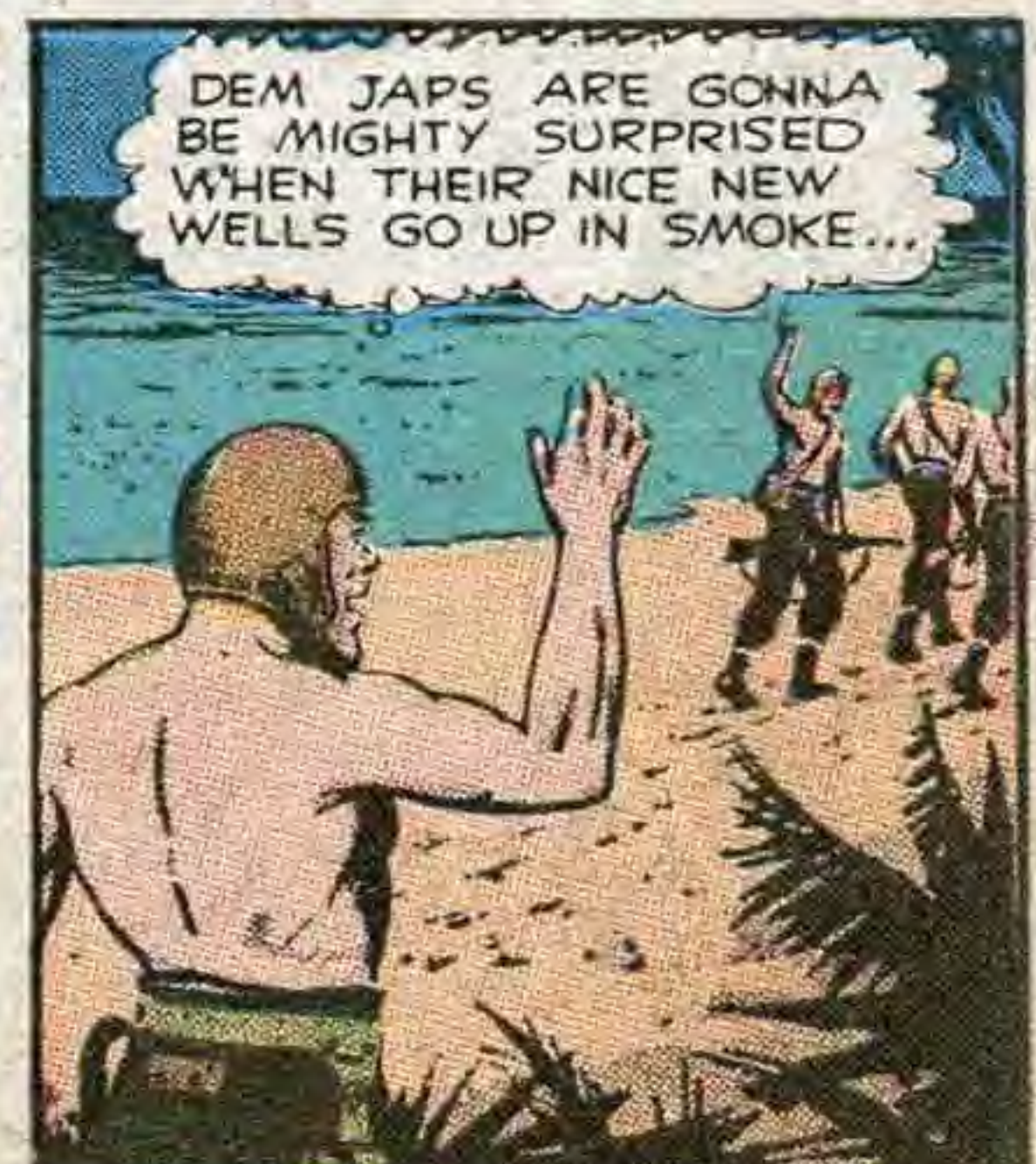
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IN AN EFFORT TO DESTROY THE VITAL OIL WELLS, SO NECESSARY TO THE ENEMY, 'YANK' AND HIS COMMANDO ARE ABOUT TO STAGE A SNEAK RAID ON THE JAP HELD ISLAND OF BULARA...



BIG SHOT COMICS



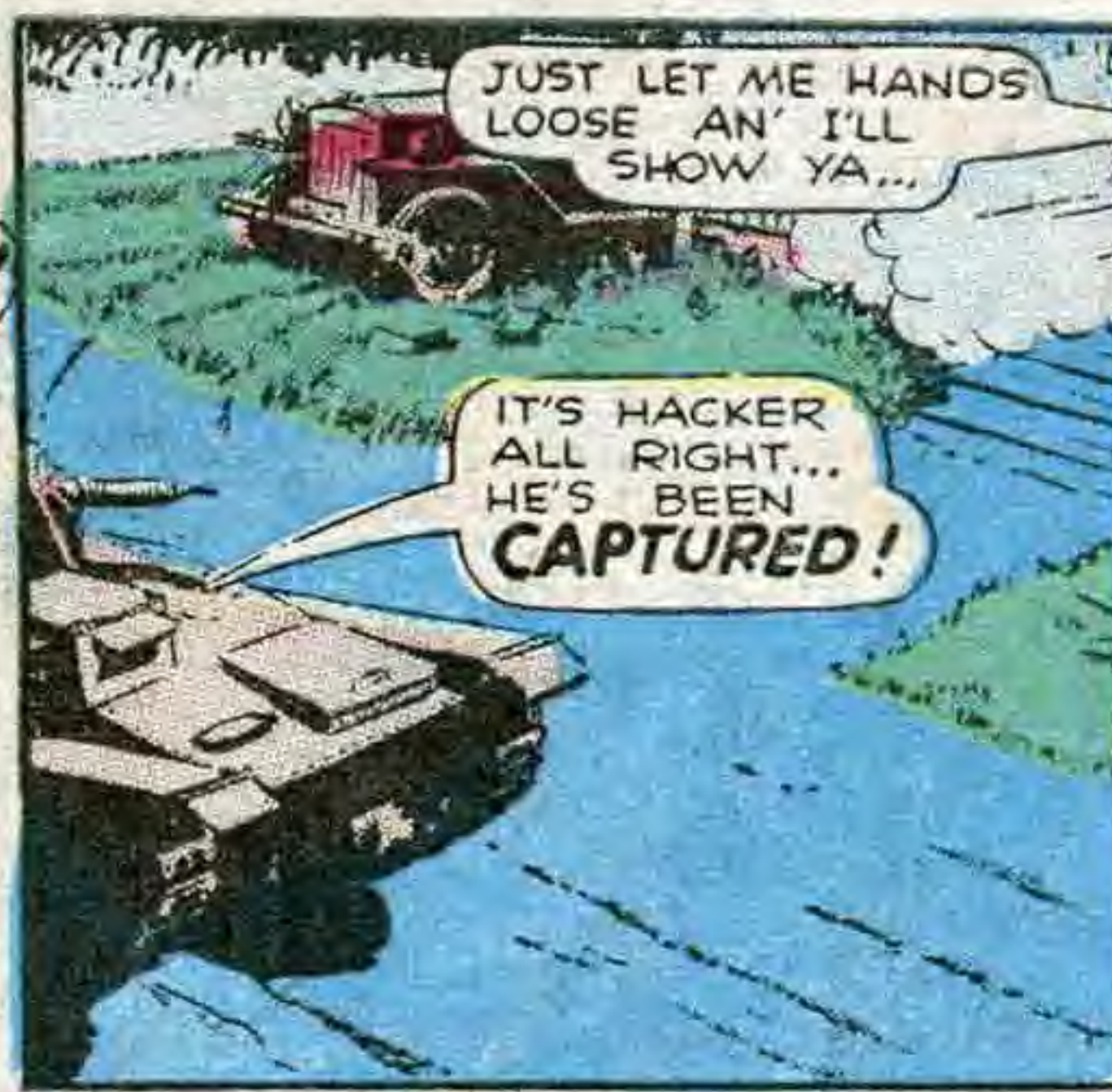
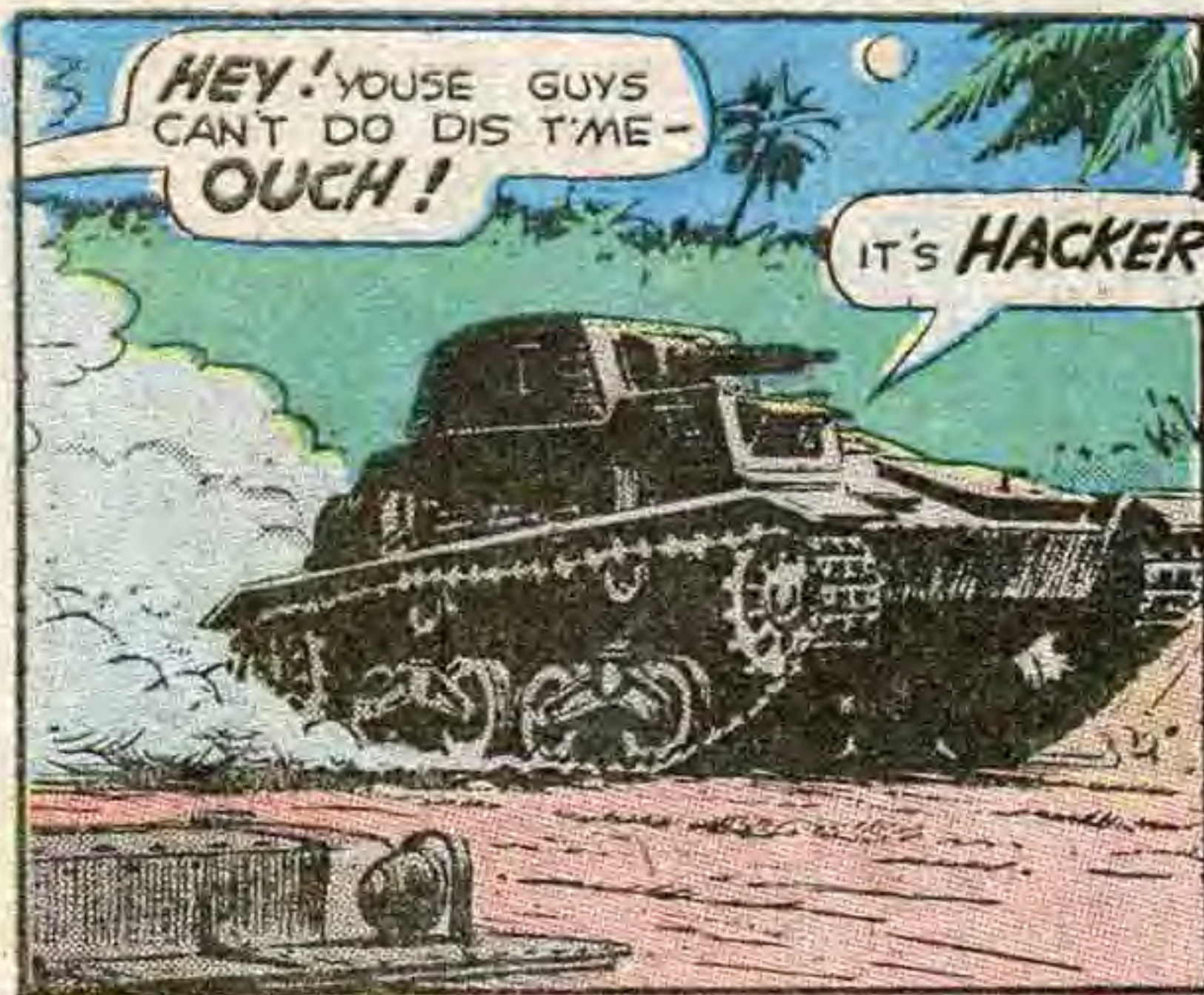
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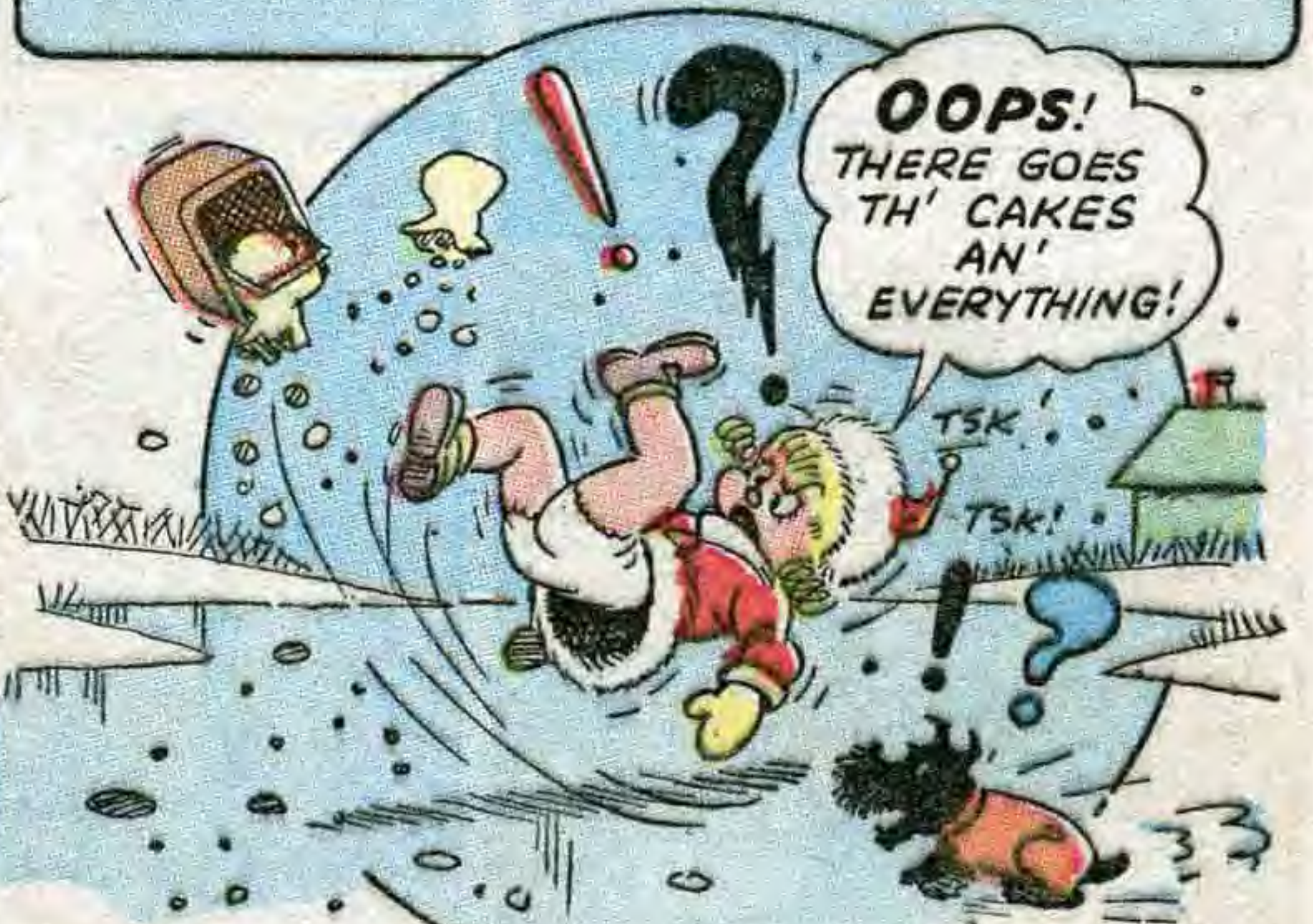


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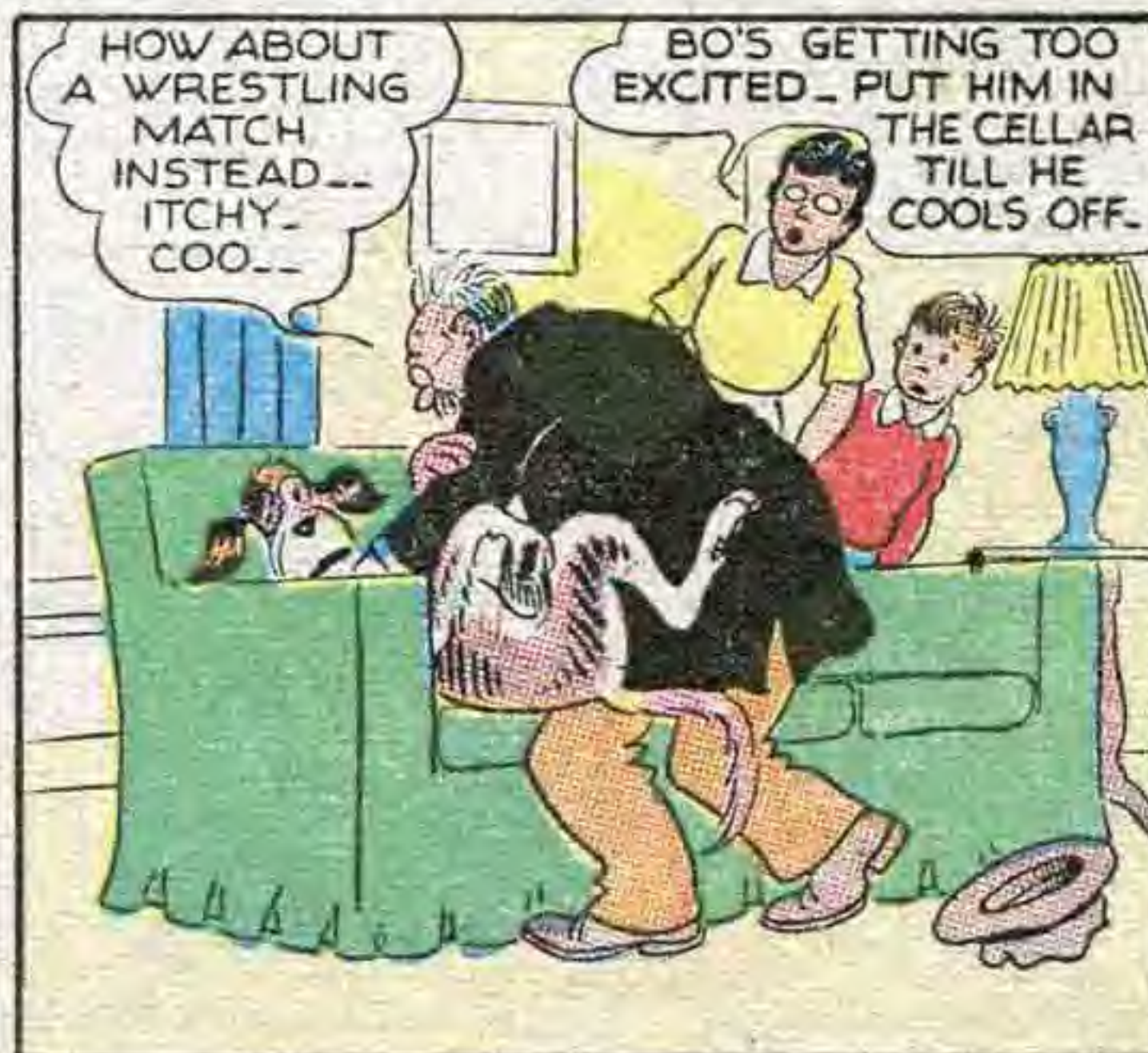


THE END

BIG SHOT COMICS



BIG SHOT COMICS



ROCKY RYAN



RAGING ACROSS THE BURNING SANDS OF THE LIBYAN DESERT, MARSHAL ERWIN ROMMEL'S NAZI AFRIKA KORPS THREATENS THE ENGLISH GRIP ON THE SUEZ CANAL! BUT THE AUSSIES AND THE ANZACS, THE TOMMIES AND THE YANKEES ARE FIGHTING MAD, AND READY FOR THE POWER THE AXIS FLINGS AGAINST THEM!

PILOTING AN AIRACOBRA FIGHTER, ROCKY RYAN POWER-DIVES INTO TROUBLE

LESS THAN TWENTY-FIVE FEET OVER THE SANDS OF THE AFRICAN DESERT, THE ALLIED PLANES SWEEP INTO ACTION!

ACH...
TRAPPED!

RUN FOR
YOUR LIVES!



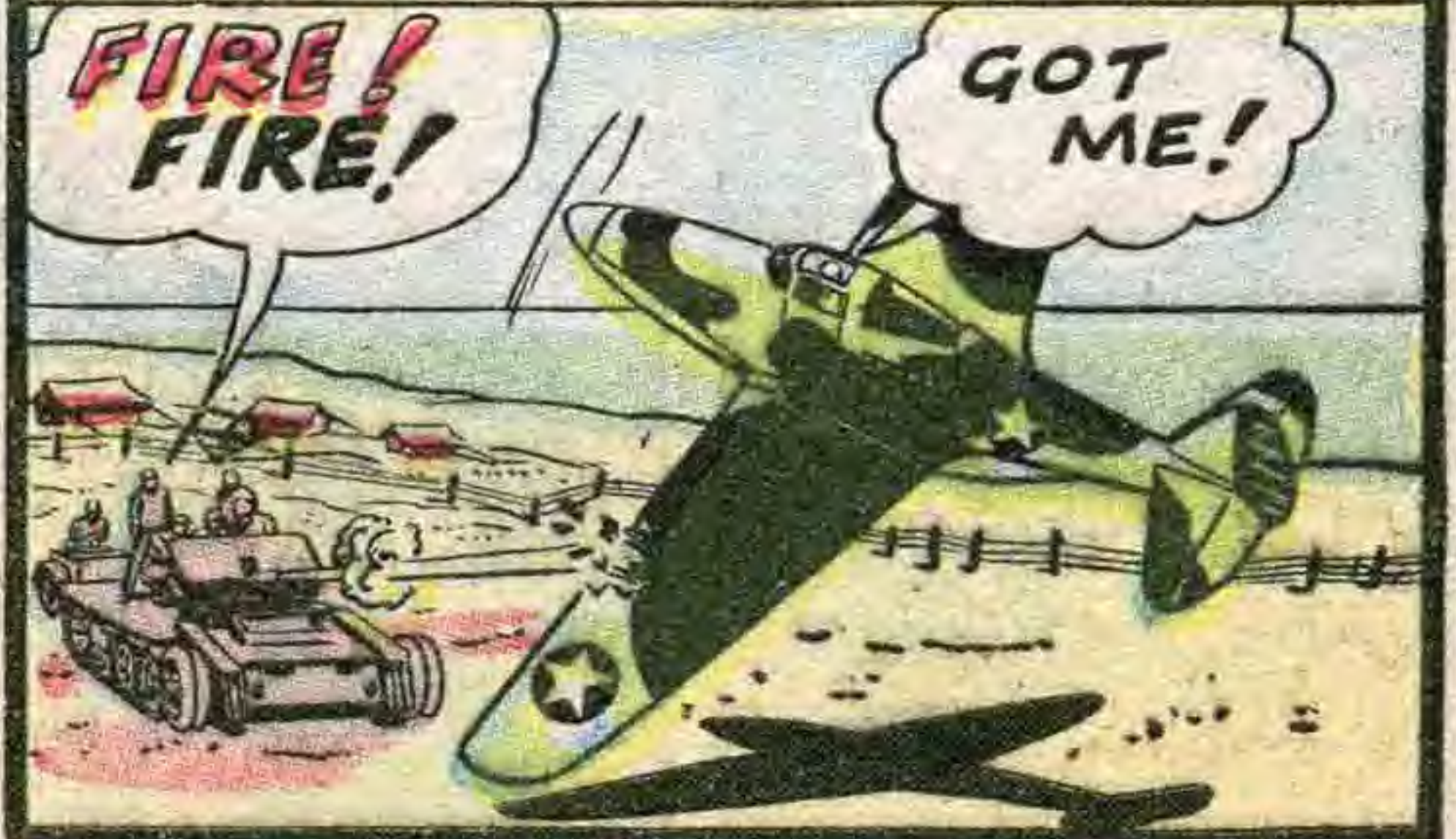
THESE CAMOUFLAGED AIRACOBRAS ARE PLENTY DANGEROUS, TRAVELLING SO LOW OVER THE GROUND! WE'RE ON TOP OF THE NAZIS BEFORE THEY KNOW IT!



ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUNS PEPPER AWAY AT THE PARTING PLANES...

**FIRE!
FIRE!**

GOT ME!



BIG SHOT COMICS

HIS FIGHTER PLANE CRIPPLED,
ROCKY STRUGGLES DESPERATELY
TO PREVENT A CRASH!

AT TWENTY FEET OFF THE
GROUND, THIS IS TOUGH GOING!



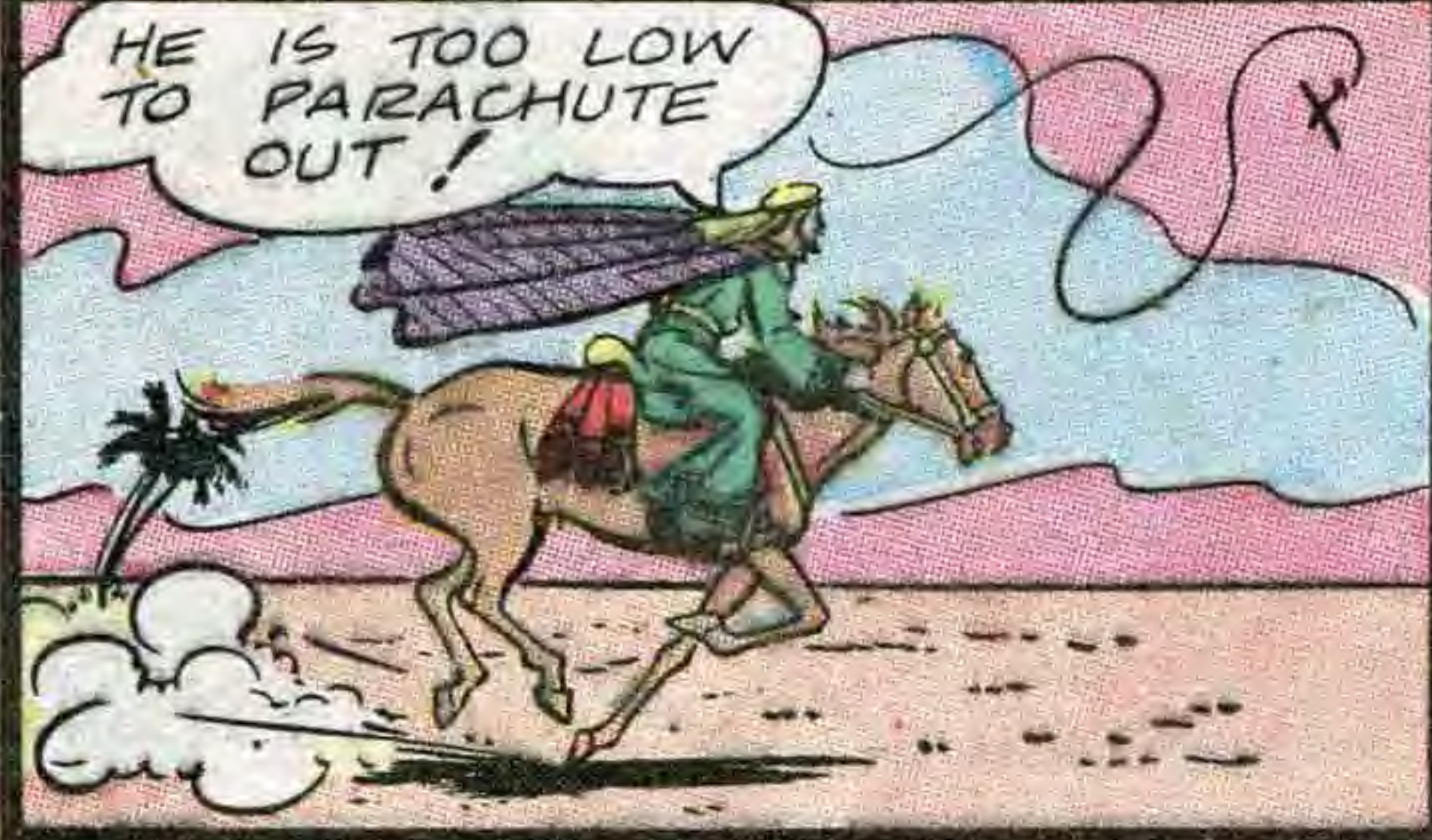
LIKE A FRIGHTENED SEA-GULL, THE PLANE
DIPS AND SWERVES IN MAD FLIGHT...

HE IS FACING DEATH, THAT
MAN! PERHAPS I CAN
HELP HIM!



A DESERT RIDER FOLLOWS THE
MADDENED PLANE!

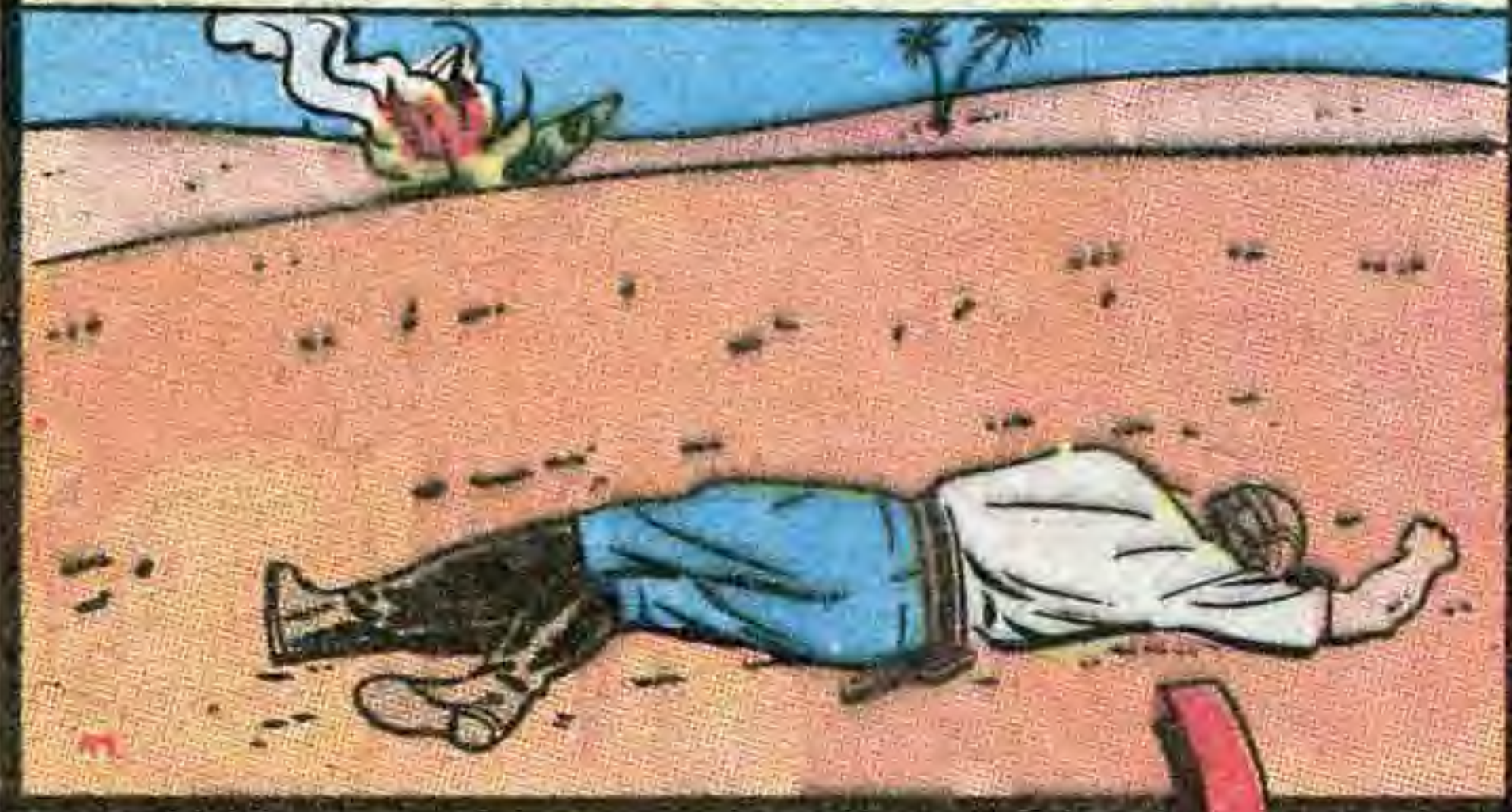
HE IS TOO LOW
TO PARACHUTE
OUT!



I'M GLAD THAT
ISN'T CEMENT
DOWN THERE!



A HURTLING BODY STRIKES THE
GROUND, ROLLS OVER AND OVER,
AND LIES STILL...



HOURS LATER, WHEN THE
DESERT MOON RISES HIGH
ABOVE THE OCEAN OF SAND...

HE LIVES, BUT HE WILL NEED
ATTENTION! PERHAPS YAHILL
CAN DOCTOR HIM!

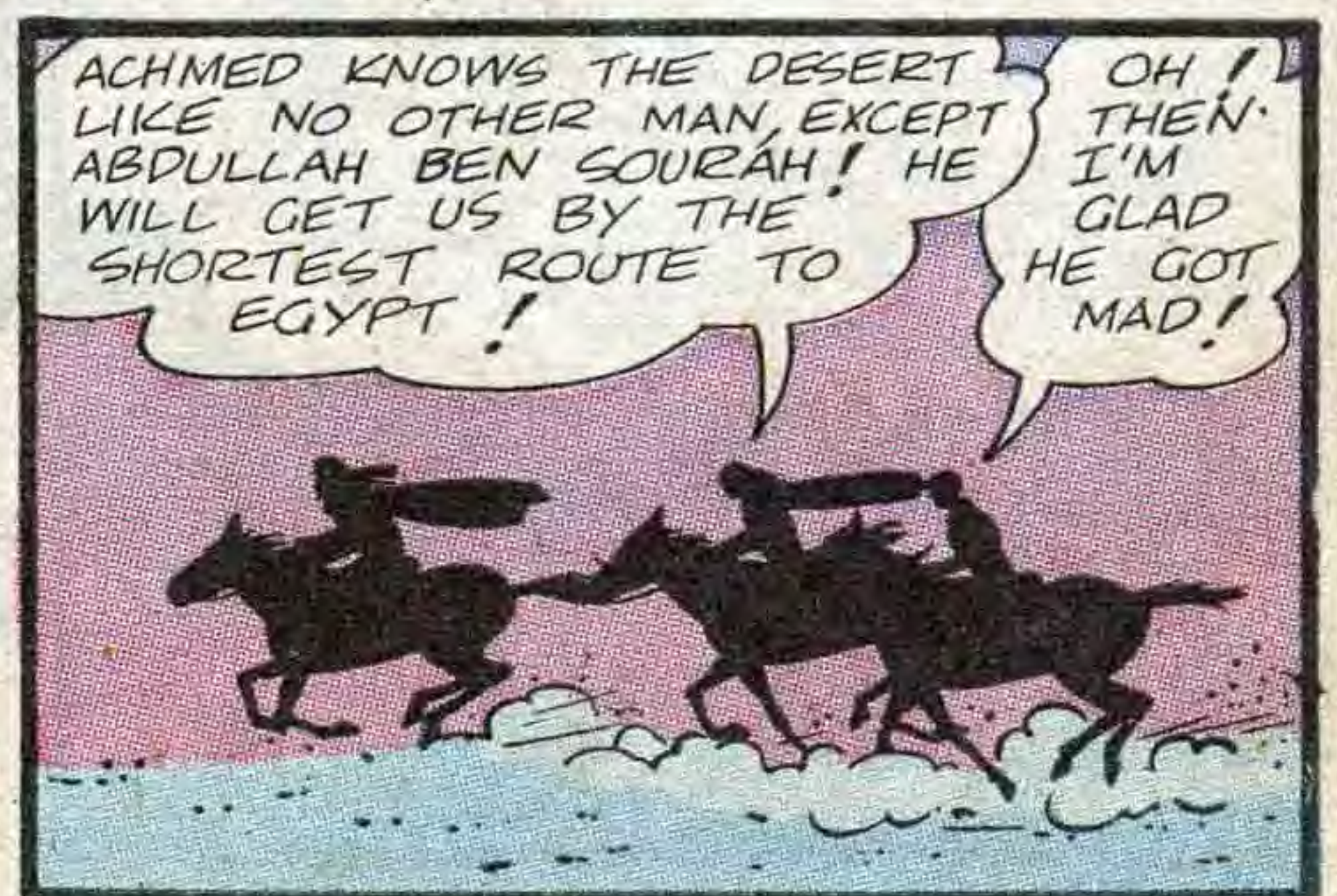


HERE IS A PATIENT,
YAHILL. HE IS AN
AMERICAN AVIATOR,
FIGHTING AGAINST
THE NAZI TYRANTS!

LEAVE HIM
WITH ME! I
WILL CURE
HIM!



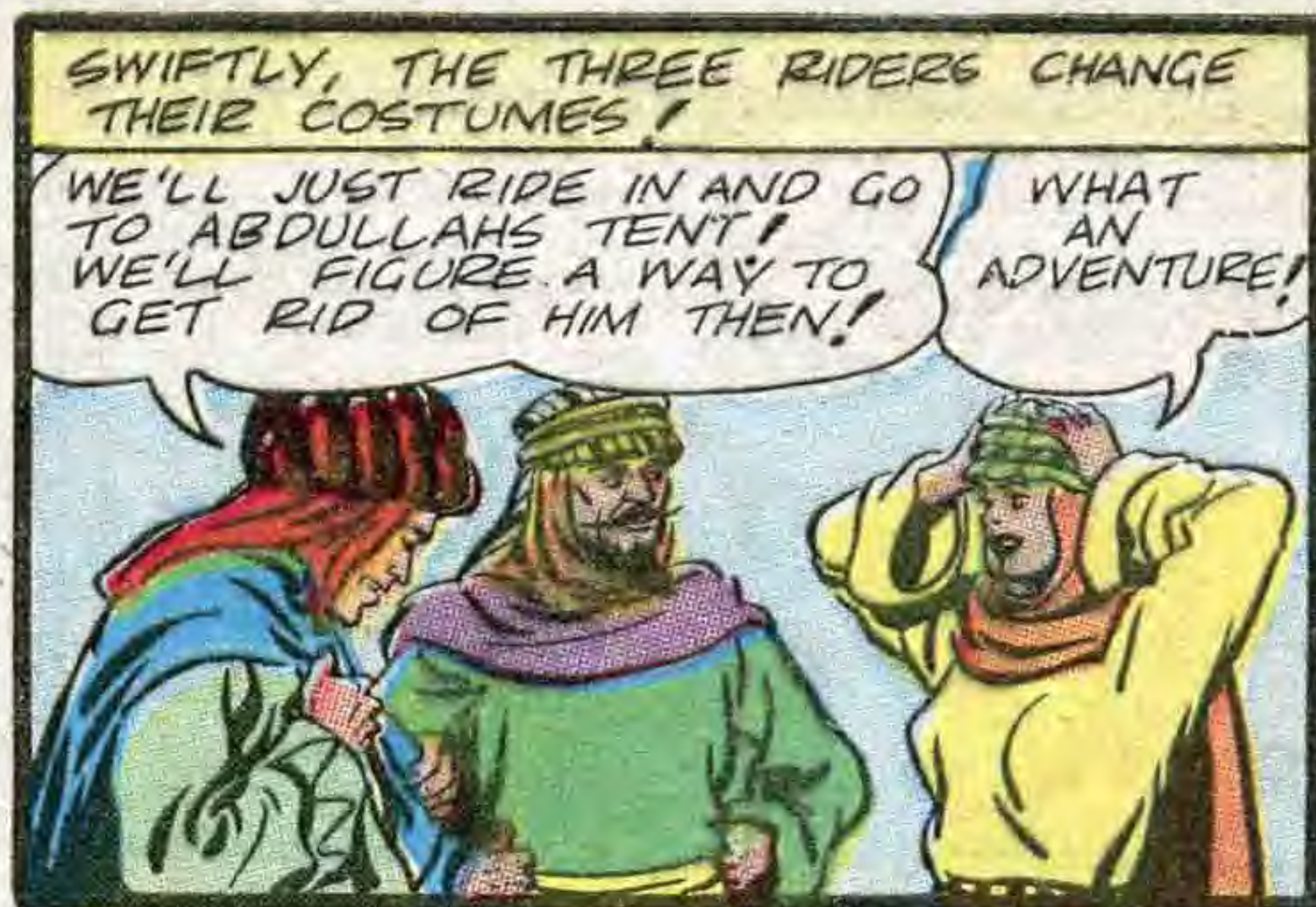
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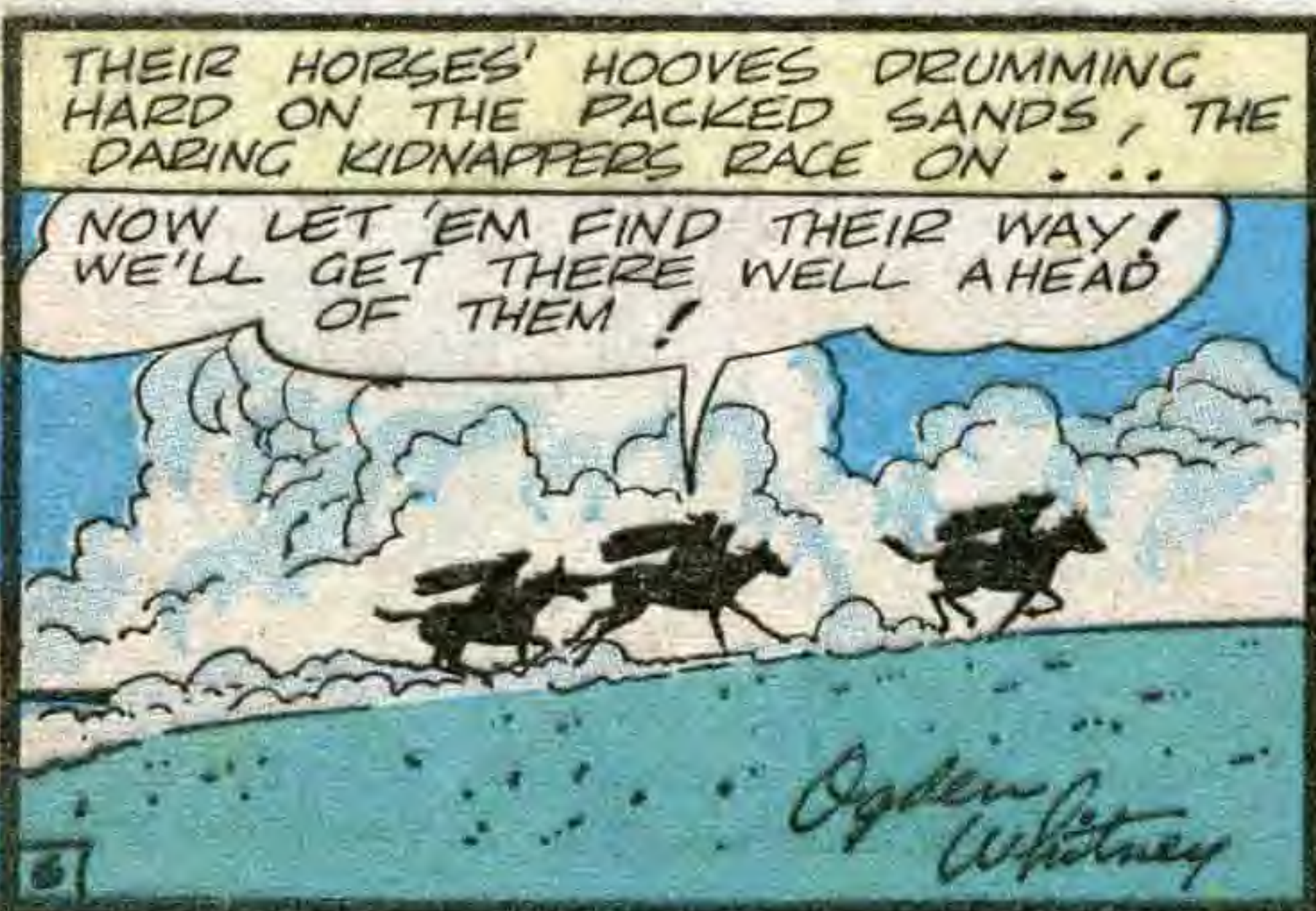
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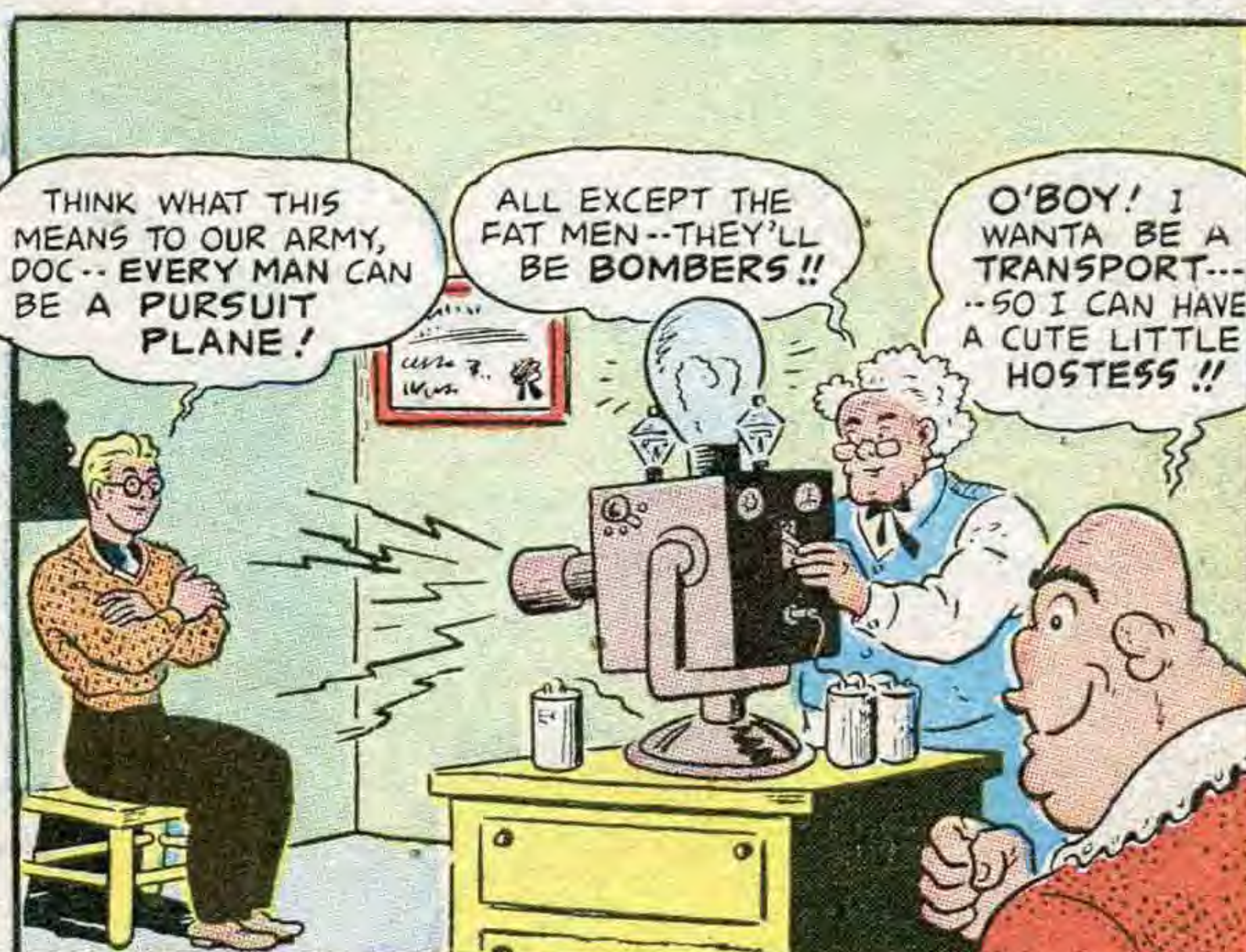


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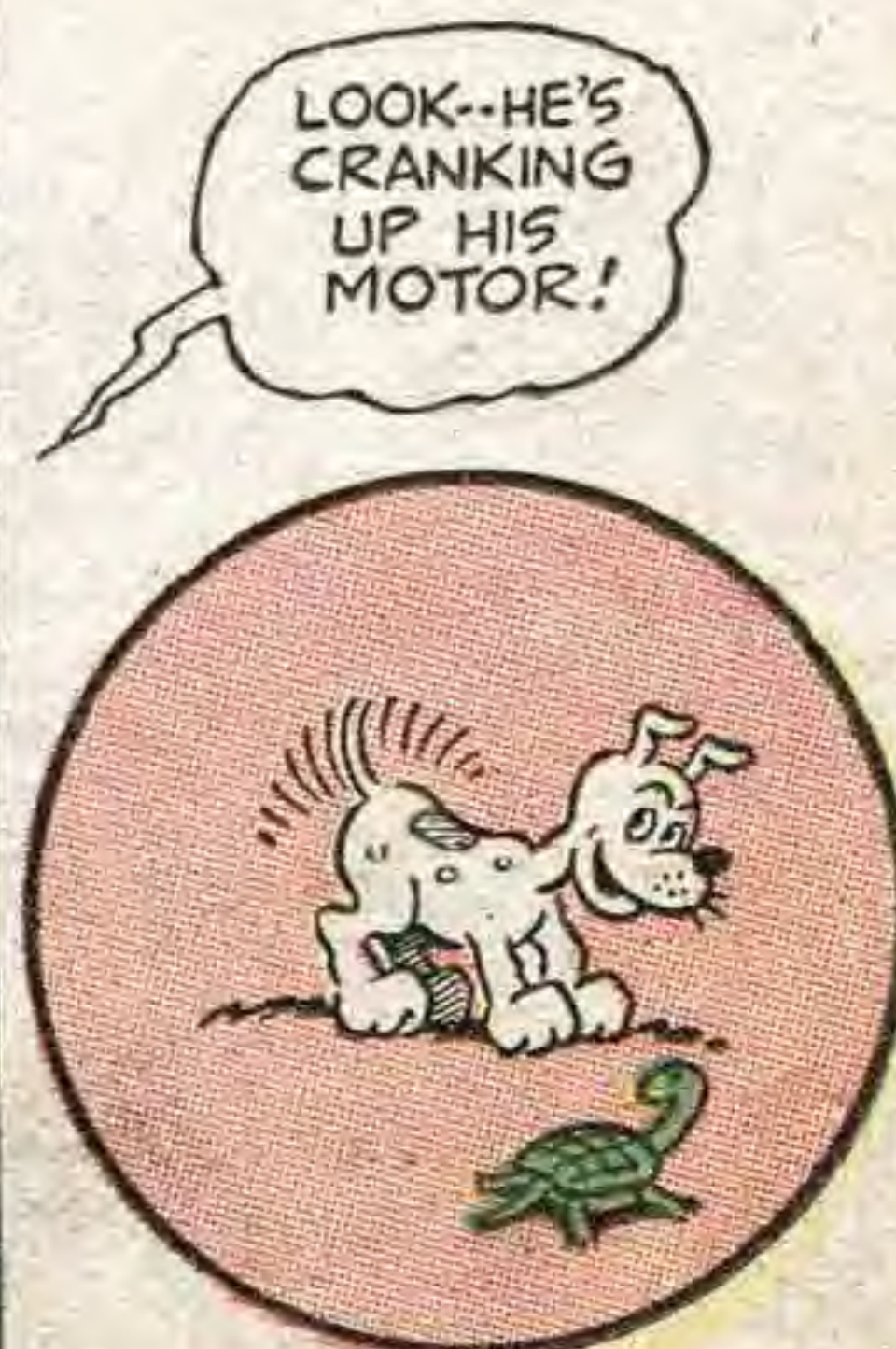
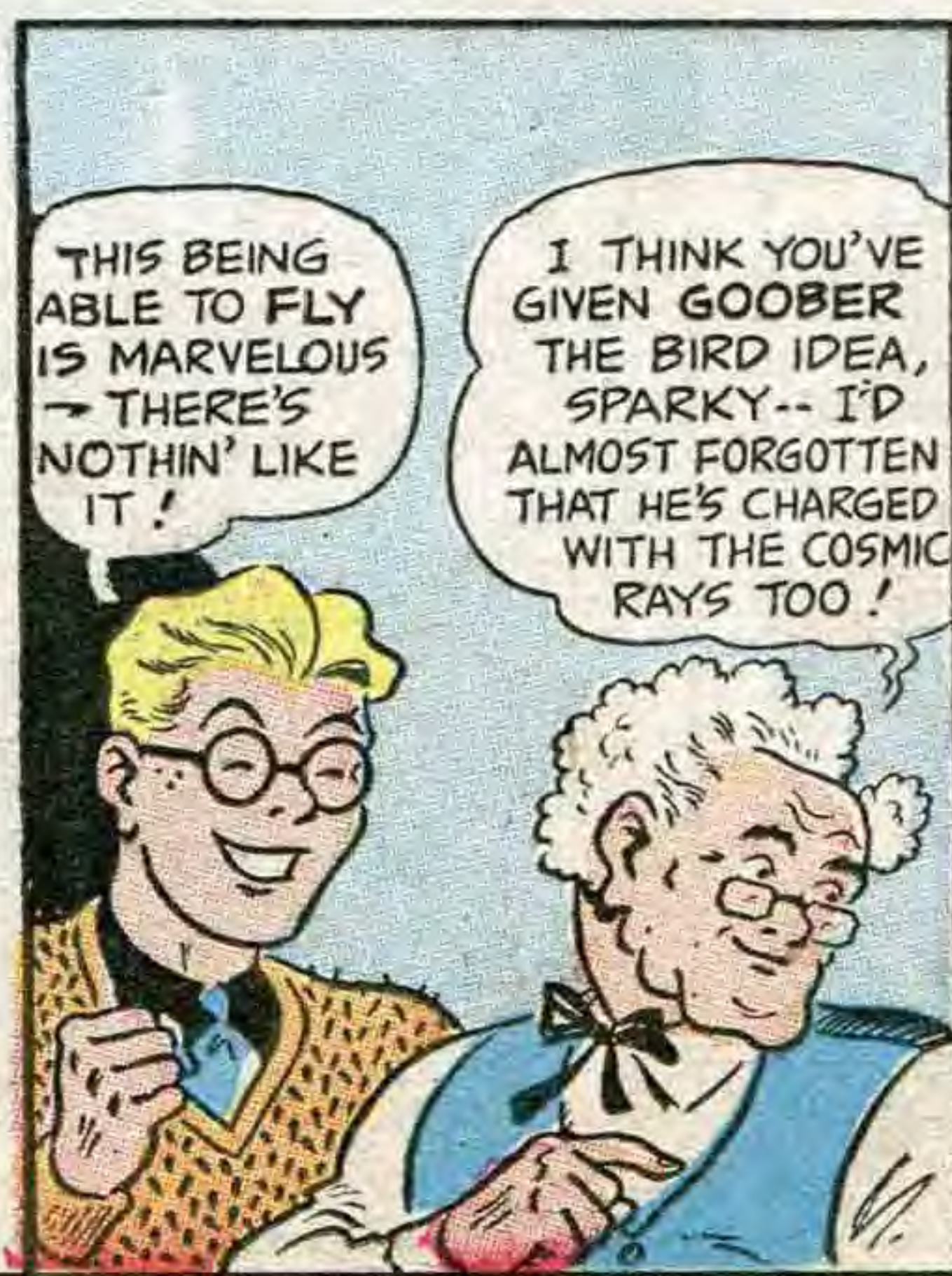
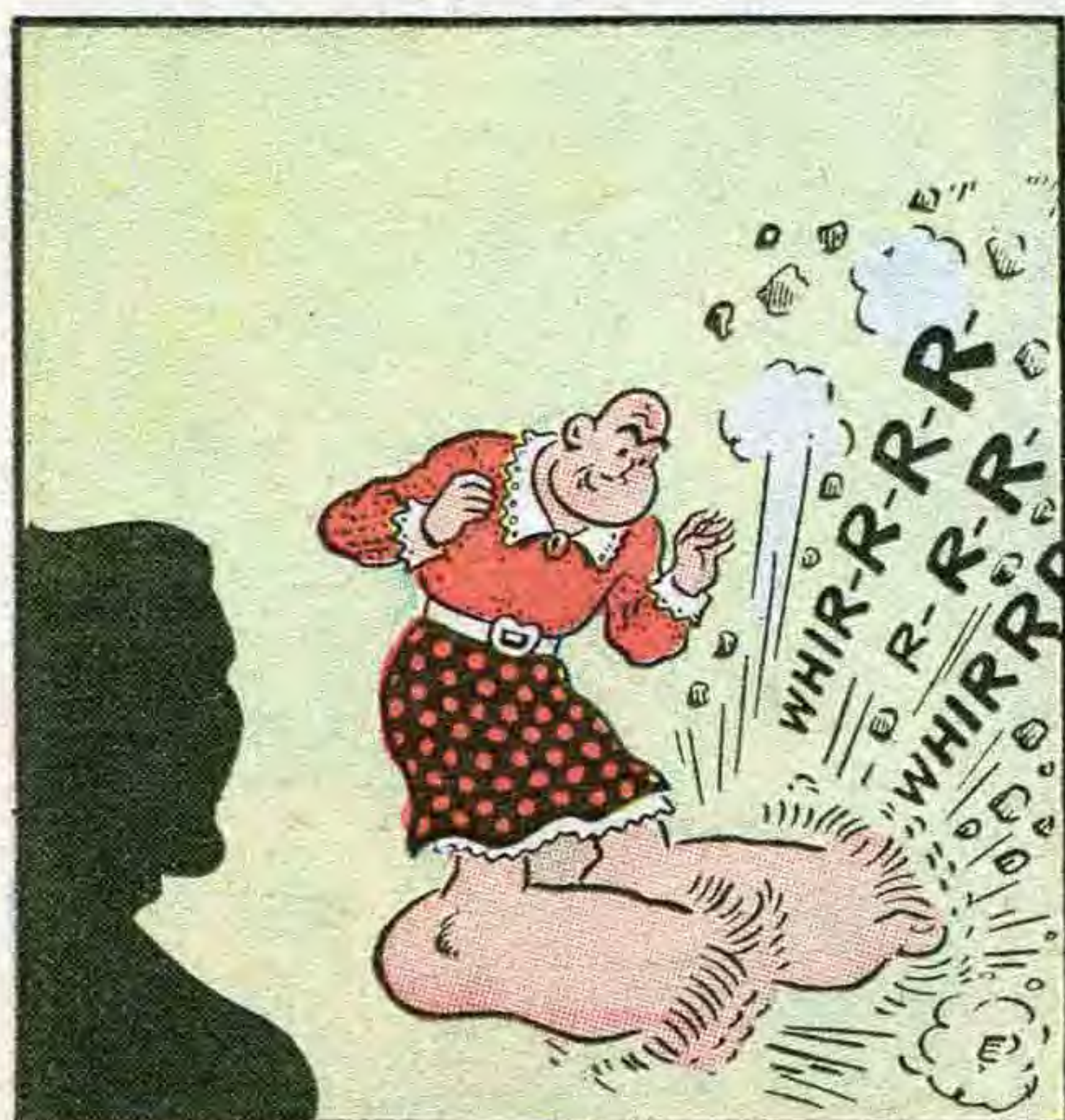


SPARKY WATTS

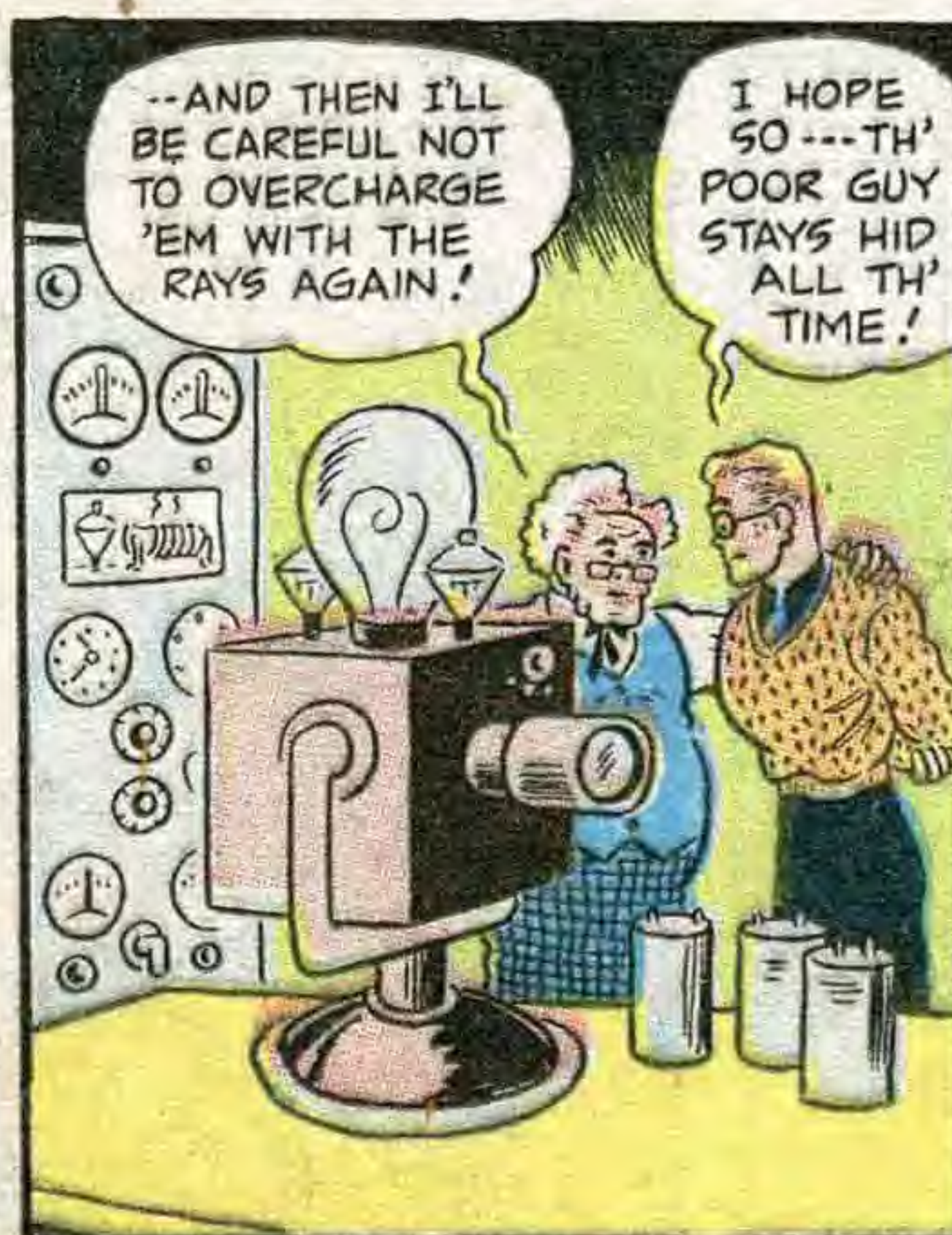
Boody ROGERS



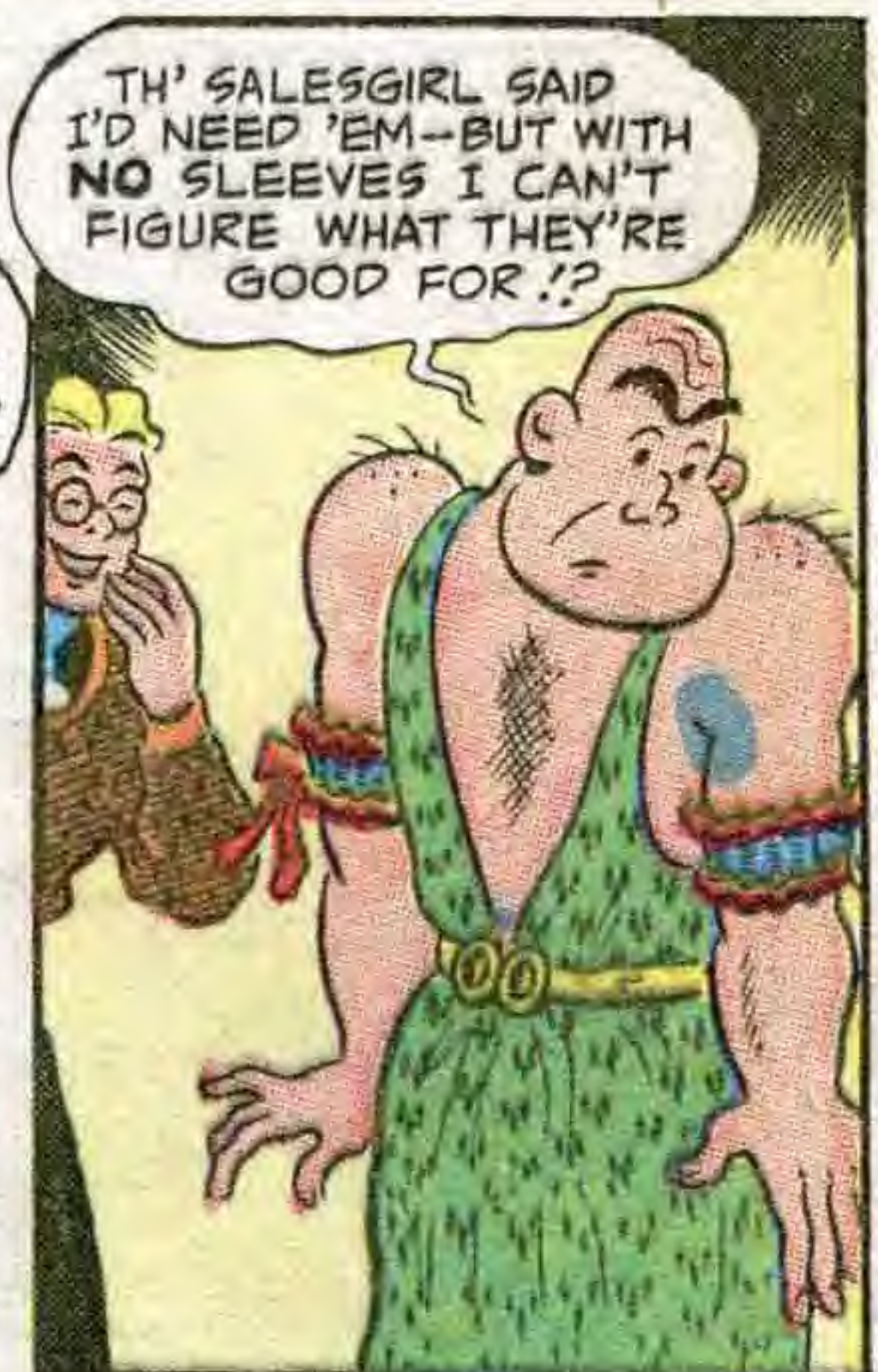
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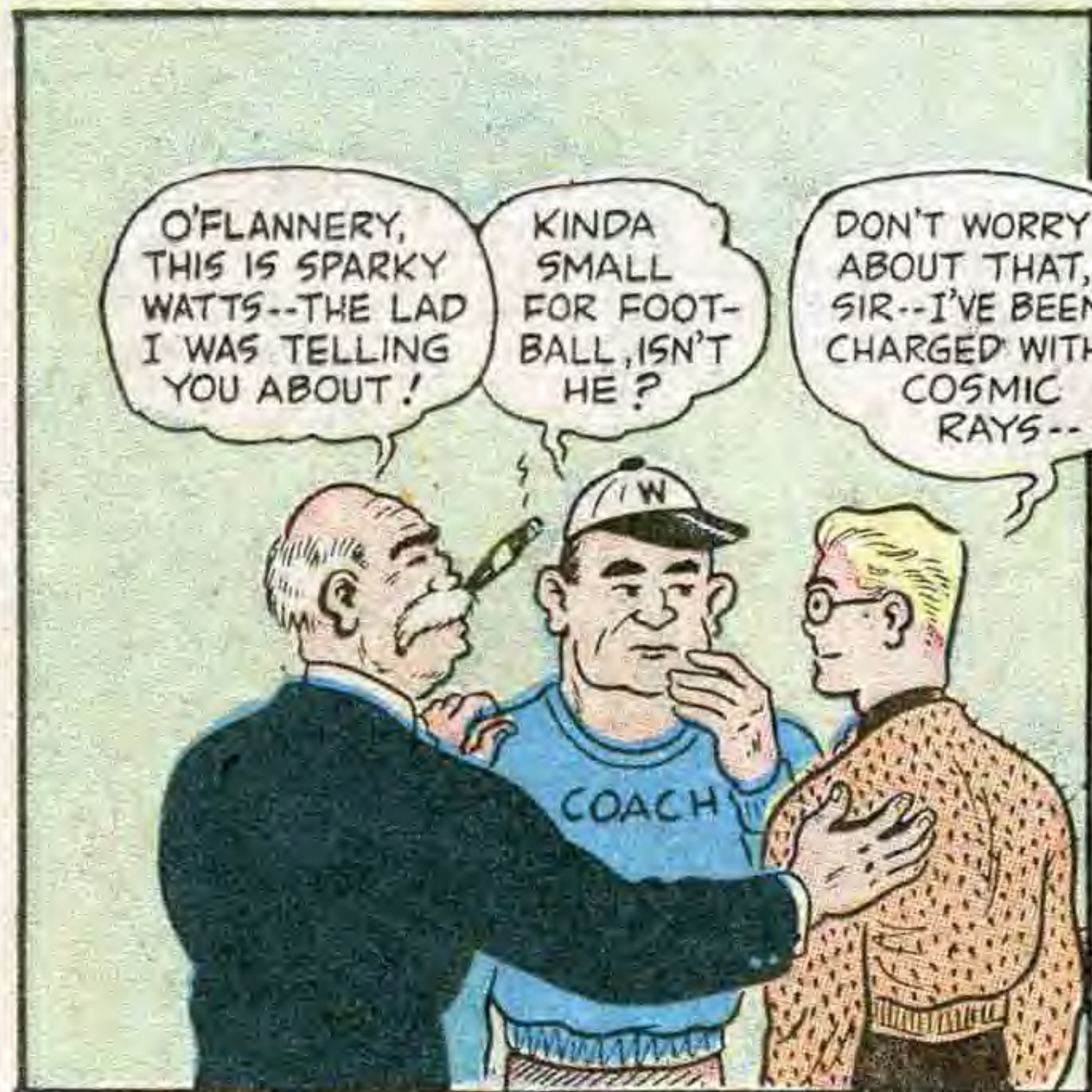
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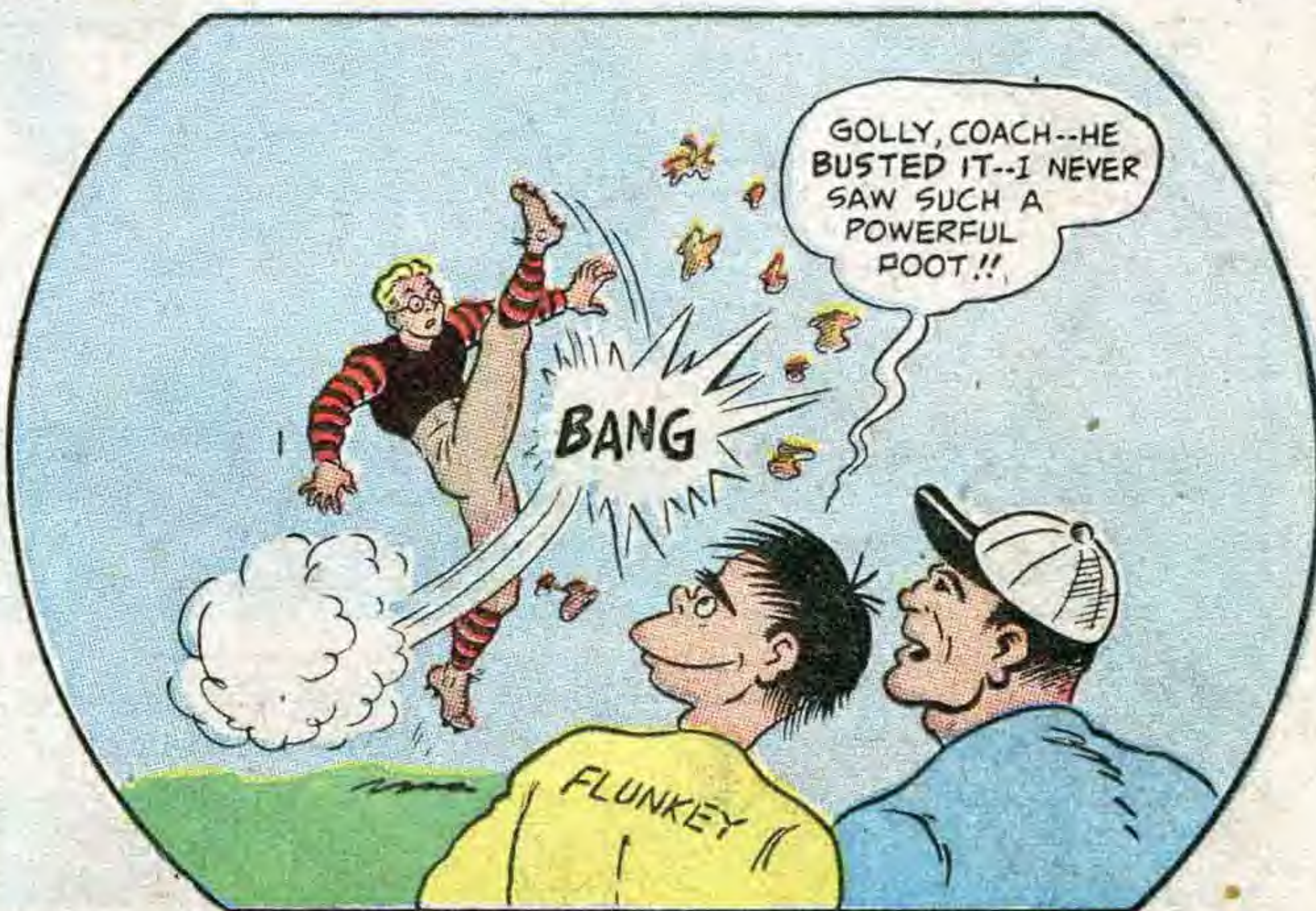
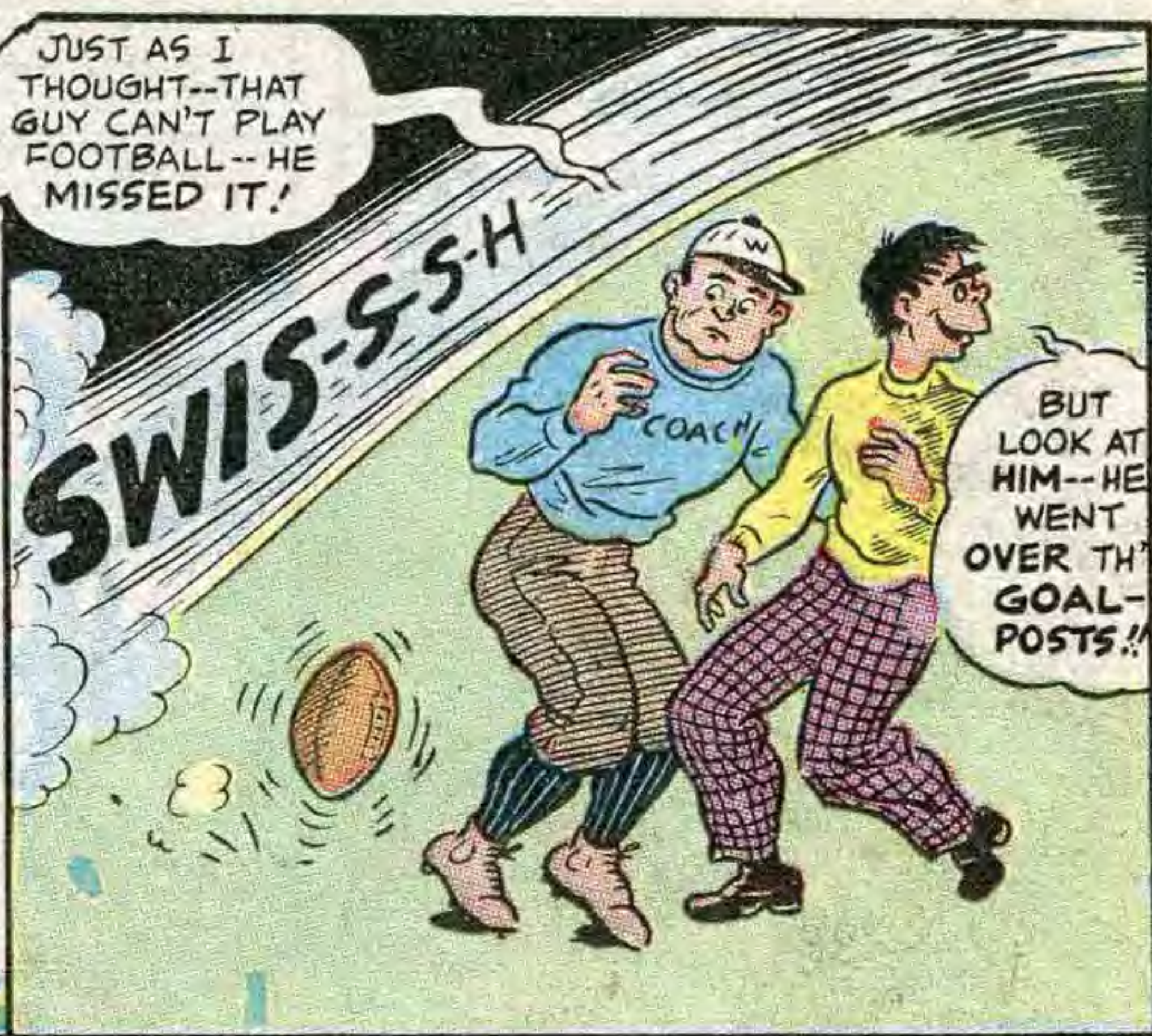


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